THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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Ministers *versus* People*

ONCE in a century, said Carlyle, it is given to someone to write a book. Perhaps the estimate was pessimistic, for most of us will think that a book, that is, a book that counts, is penned more frequently. However this may be, certain it is that Admiral Consett has achieved the feat. As a lightning flash illumines the night, so has he shown, with a terrible clearness, the true cause of the prolongation of the world's agony in the Great War. That cause was the uncharacterisable fatuity of British Ministers. For all the earlier period of the war they allowed Germany to be supplied by Great Britain and by the British Empire with the means to enable her to strew battlefields with the bodies and limbs of our soldiers and the soldiers of our Allies, to torpedo our ships, to drop bombs on our towns, and to feed their population.

The truth of this terrible charge is proved by Admiral Consett to absolute demonstration. It is established by evidence sufficient to have satisfied the mind of Euclid himself. It is recorded in tables of statistics culled from official sources. It can neither be denied nor refuted.

We do not intend here to review, in any ordinary sense, Admiral Consett's astonishing volume. That would be waste of time, for the reviewing has been done already, and well done, as, for instance, by Mr. Cope Cornford in *The National Review* for last June.

But we have a further motive for omitting the recital of figures, which is that, by giving them, we should merely divert the minds of our readers from the one point which

* *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces (1914-18).* By Rear-Admiral M. W. W. P. Consett, C.M.G. (London: Williams & Norgate.)

really matters. That point is the responsibility of Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil, in the first place, and of their fellow Ministers in the second place, for disastrous impolicy, which had consequences of ruin, death, wounds, and suffering on a greater scale than any other insanity known to human history. For the evidence of this fact, there is the book of Admiral Consett, filled with it from cover to cover. He was British Naval Attaché in Scandinavia from 1912 to 1918 and Naval Adviser to the Supreme Council in 1919 and 1920. During the greater part of the war he was making representations, ceaseless and unavailing, to the British authorities concerning the ghastly results which their misdirection was producing. In vain. To no purpose did he explain—giving chapter and verse for his statements—that we were simply supplying the enemy's needs. Our Government continued to supply them. The Admiralty was not to blame. The Admiralty was making perpetual protest to the Foreign Office, and the Foreign Office—under the sway of Sir Edward (now Lord) Grey—remained, in practical effect, immovably the best friend, the ally, the indispensable assistant, of Germany.

Lord Grey being Foreign Minister, the Government created a Committee which gripped the Navy of England and of the British Empire by the throat and destroyed its power to coerce the foe. With a "tremendous and sustained vigilance"—as Admiral Mahan wrote of the toils of British squadrons in the Trafalgar campaign—that Navy watched the approaches to the German coast. It watched the North Sea. It watched the Channel. Through the mists and storms of winter and the darkness of night, that vigilance was maintained. Despite all difficulties, it succeeded. It arrested, it sent in for trial almost every vessel the destination of whose cargo suggested suspicion. But for the effect produced, it might nearly as well have been a toy fleet on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. For no matter how plain the case, or how advantageous to the enemy the issue, the Committee, appointed by the Government, almost invariably released the ships. Thus they poured exports from the British Empire into Scandinavia, all destined, as they well knew, for the benefit of the people

who were shooting Englishmen and their friends. They sent ten times the normal exports of cocoa. They sent fuel. "Germany," says Admiral Consett, "received all she required to the end of the war, through the prodigal supplies of coal from her foolish and gullible enemy." They sent—quoting now Mr. Cope Cornford—"fodder and fertilisers, enabling Denmark to export horses, cattle, and food to Germany." They sent—that is, they allowed to pass—"vitriol, fishing nets, yarn and rope, petrol, tin,—enabling Denmark and Sweden to send forty-six times the amount of fish to Germany which was received by this country." Let England starve, but let Germany be fed, was, to all appearance, the motto acted on by the Ministers of the King. If there were any gratitude in Germany, which of course there is not, statues would have been erected during the war throughout the German Empire to Lord Grey, our Foreign Secretary, to Lord Robert Cecil, our Minister of Blockade, and to that "unknown god," the Committee, who, between them, rendered the Teuton hordes this priceless aid.

The question inevitably arising in the mind of the plain man is why these two English politicians, both of whom, beyond doubt, desired to do good, not harm, to their country, were guilty of the terrible and destructive foolishness which they, equally beyond doubt, displayed. The answer is to be found in the character and in the past of the first named, senior, "statesman." Lord Grey is a humanitarian idealist who for many years prior to 1914 had been deluding himself with dreams of stopping war, or, failing that, of rendering it innocuous. In the pursuit of this chimera he had become, of course unconsciously, the merest catspaw of Germany, at whose instigation he had agreed, in 1907, to the creation of an International Prize Court, with power to decide the legality or otherwise of all captures made by belligerent fleets. What this meant was that, during war, the power of the British Navy to fulfil its main function of cutting an enemy's sea communications would be placed at the mercy of a Board of foreign jurists sitting at The Hague. It was necessary that this Board should have a code of rules to go by. Therefore, all the maritime States were invited, in 1908, to send delegates to London to draw up such a

code. They came and, always under the tutelage of Sir Edward Grey (as he was then), Germany scored the point which has since been the death-warrant of a full half of the British soldiers who fell in the war (not to speak of Frenchmen and Italians), and which has cost this country from three to four thousand million pounds.

For the code was so framed as to give every possible advantage to a warring Continental Power, and every possible disadvantage to a warring island Power. Nearly everything was conceded to the former and nearly everything denied to the latter. The simple expedient was to allow passage to all "conditional contraband"—an enormously inclusive phrase—provided it was going to an enemy, not directly, but through a neutral, but to deny such passage if it were going direct. Thus, according to the code, which was called the Declaration of London, Germany was entitled, when she made war, to receive through neutrals almost all the imports she wanted, the British Fleet being forbidden to interfere, while England, as an island, was denied like privilege.

The Declaration, of course, depended on the institution of the International Prize Court and, as that Court superseded our own Tribunals here, an Act of Parliament was required. The "Naval Prize Bill" was accordingly introduced and forced through the House of Commons by the Liberal Government. Had it been passed also by the House of Lords, the Declaration, the code to guide it, would have been instantly ratified. There were, however, in England a few individuals—the merest handful—who were completely alive to what was involved, and who were desperately bent on saving their race from the abyss dug for it by the Foreign Office and Sir Edward Grey. As a matter of simple fact, the principal work of opposition was organised and carried on by the two joint honorary secretaries of the late Imperial Maritime League. In the end, victory was won. The House of Lords in 1911 threw out the Naval Prize Bill, and the Declaration therefore remained unratified.

Less than three years later, the Teuton stroke fell. England declared war and, in the very face of the decision of Parliament, the British Government, by an Order in Council, dated August 20th, 1914, announced their inten-

tion to abide by the provisions of the unratified document. But even those provisions were insufficient to satisfy the lofty idealism of the fathers of the Declaration of London. War was declared on August 4th. Up to the following October, the British Fleet was compelled by the British Government to pass neutral ships carrying German reservists from overseas back to their native land to assist in shooting the soldiers of Britain and her Allies.

The orders to the Royal Navy thus to assist the King's enemies remained in force until public attention was called to them by the *Morning Post*. Then the facts were at once denied by the Government Press. But the value of this denial was withered to dust by a sequent official statement that the orders in question had been withdrawn.

At that time, whenever any great scandal was discovered, it was wont to be said: "Wait till the war is over. *Then* we will investigate. *Then* we will punish." But when Lord Sydenham the other day asked a question in the Lords as to Admiral Consett's book, he was told that no enquiry was contemplated. Do we not really care enough for our dead even to try to ascertain why for more than two years they were butchered unnecessarily? Shall we let the lives of our sons be thrown away in like fashion again? If so, are we ourselves worth preserving?

The grave of "The Unknown Warrior" is in Westminster Abbey. Would the walls of the national Valhalla be large enough to contain the names of the British and allied fighters who were killed or who were wounded in consequence of the policy of the British Government inspired by Lord Grey?

Let us be quite clear as to what should be the subject of examination. It is *not* the question of the extent to which the United States, or any other neutral, supplied Germany. It is the extent to which our Government allowed her to be supplied by ourselves—the extent to which food, fuel, clothes, and material convertible into munitions of war were poured into the hands of our foes through Scandinavia, Holland, and Italy, from Great Britain and from the British Empire. Surely this must be worth investigation, if only on the score of novelty, for it may safely be said that nothing like it has ever been known in the history of the world.

All questions of the supply of Germany by neutrals must be entirely set aside, because they are all crossed and vitiated by our own action in that respect. Our Foreign Office was constantly complaining and protesting to Washington about the supplies passing to the Germans from the Republic, and it received terrible and crushing answer (which Admiral Consett quotes) to the effect that the United States Government did not see why it, as a neutral, should not do what the British Government, though a belligerent, was doing itself.

When at last the Republic also entered the strife and sea power was allowed its natural exercise, the pressure exercised upon Germany became terrific, and the exhaustion induced brought the war to an end within a year and a half. If the men of England have become too apathetic to care about these little trifles—if they have no red blood left in their veins at all—what of the women? Are there no mothers who remember their sons? They have the vote. They have political power. Let them use it. What we need, and what we shall have, if England be still England, is a full, independent Royal Commission of Inquiry, not composed of politicians, not composed of members of the House of Commons, but of three or five judges, instructed to collect evidence on oath, to see all official documents, and to give their finding within a limited space of time.

If all the Ministers concerned and arraigned—and more especially the two primarily concerned, namely, Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil—cannot give satisfactory reason for having behaved to Germany during the war as the Good Samaritan behaved to the man who fell among thieves, then the very least penalty which they should suffer appears to us that they should be deprived of any honours which any of them may have received from the Crown, and that they should be rendered ineligible for any further participation in legislation.

In former days they would, of course, have been executed on Tower Hill.

Current Comments

England, France and Germany

It is idle to pretend that we found the satisfaction in the Premier's statement on July 12th which was derived from it by the majority of the Press. In itself it is difficult to see that it has carried us much further. It has been variously described as conciliatory, cautious, temperate, colourless, platitudinous, and statesmanlike. It bore unmistakable signs of having been drafted and re-drafted with an excessive desire to maintain equilibrium between all conflicting influences. It has certainly not cut through the tangled knot with the sure, sharp stroke by which alone the cumulative effect of the errors, hesitations, and weaknesses of the last few years could be retrieved. So difficult is it ever to retrace false steps.

Since the war our Government and our diplomacy have been stricken by the palsy. The initial error of the Allies, as is admitted even by many Germans and neutral friends of Germany, was not to have taken far more drastic and effective measures, military and economic, at the Armistice. Not the Allies alone, but Germany, would have gained enormously. Instead, we weakly drifted into a bog of interminable argument and recriminations, which afforded every opportunity that an astute debtor could desire to evade his obligations.

Foolish demands were made which could not be met and were no more intended to be enforced than the cry, "Hang the Kaiser!" In 1921 all British political parties, including the leading spokesmen of Labour, besides Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, agreed that the steps since taken by France, with even greater justification, were necessary and justified. When, in desperation, France took *these very steps*, British politicians and most of the British Press changed their minds, and drove her to adopt more drastic measures than would have been necessary had we frankly supported her.

It is idle now to waste words as to France's supposed greater anxiety to establish military supremacy over Germany than to extract monetary reparations. The simple fact is that had our nerve not failed us, and had we kept

in step with France, not only would the mere threat have been probably sufficient to prevent the consequences which have ensued, but the issue would have been limited to the best measure of monetary satisfaction obtainable, coupled with such territorial and military guarantees as the Allies might have unanimously agreed upon.

We should have been spared the humiliation of the taunt that our national shop-keeping instincts were too strong not to take advantage of the profitable sale of our coal to Germany, by which she was enabled temporarily to defeat the object of the French occupation, although to the further demoralisation of her finances. When the *Daily News* on the outbreak of war pleaded that we should stand aside so as to profit by trading with all the belligerents, the mean thought moved all decent Englishmen to disgust.

If the latest German offer contained some acceptable elements of a basis for discussion, the right time to have recognised this and to have insisted upon such discussion was promptly after receipt of the Note and not after an interval which has only advertised our fatal irresolution, further embittered the position, and weakened our power of successful intervention. The German Note offered a chance of settlement on the basis of "capacity to pay," which it should not have been impossible for us to agree with France, and from which Germany need not have been allowed to escape. We are under no illusions as to Germany's capacity. What has hitherto been lacking was willingness. The article on p. 253 of this issue should settle all doubts as to capacity.

No one imagines that forcible measures, or "putting the brokers in," will create the means of payment, or indeed do anything, if prolonged, but reduce the available resources. It remains to be shown, however, how a debtor who refuses to pay and adopts every trick of the fraudulent bankrupt can be otherwise coerced. *Responsibility for the prolongation of France's occupation of the Ruhr lies entirely with England in failing to co-operate with her at every step.*

We are left now with one hope only, namely, that the belated British reply to the German Note which Mr. Baldwin has promised to submit to our Allies will embody

some of the mere common sense which we have here endeavoured to express, and will, therefore, command their approval.

Only thus, at the eleventh hour, is there any chance of retrieving an otherwise disastrous situation. If the Cabinet continues to yield to those influences which, by their love of compromise, cowardice, partiality to our enemies and dislike of our friends, have so dangerously reduced our prestige and our power, England will have lost the first place amongst the nations which she gained by freeing Europe from Napoleon and confirmed by the defeat of Germany.

In such a crisis we cannot imagine Pitt or Palmerston embarking upon further futile "exploration of avenues." They would have declared a policy and inflexibly carried it out.

Free State Finance

It is impossible to withhold some sympathy from Mr. Cosgrave in the predicament which is fast closing in upon him. As was shown in the article on the Finances of the Free State which appeared in our last issue, the only working margin which provides the salaries of the Civil and Military establishment of the Free State is the Excise Duty (some £10,000,000 a year), collected in Ireland from Guinness on behalf of the British Government. It is hardly conceivable that, this fact once made known, the hard-pressed British taxpayers will tamely and indefinitely submit thus to find the pay of those *preux chevaliers* still known as the Irish Republican Army. There is one condition, and one only, upon which their assent might be given, namely, that the entire amount should be devoted to the compensation of Loyalists for destruction of life and property. Even so, it is obvious that the Free State is nearing the end of its financial tether. On this side of the elections, at any rate, it would be impossible for Mr. Cosgrave even to suggest a British guarantee for a Free State loan. Neither is it conceivable that under present conditions a British guarantee would be forthcoming. When commercial calculation succeeds to rhetorical hot air, America has a disappointing habit of becoming coldly business-like, and all the Irish policemen in the service of

Tammany will make no impression on Wall Street. Mr. Cosgrave, therefore, is driven to appeal to the Irish investor, who, if we mistake not, will prove equally insensible to rhetorical appeals to his patriotism. The general election and its desperate financial plight are likely within the next few months to bring the Free State appreciably nearer to the realisation of some hard and probably unpleasant facts.

Railway Nationalisation

THE harm that men do lives after them. Even if it is too much to hope that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have crossed the (political) Styx, certain it is that for many a long year the country will be unpleasantly reminded of their once disastrous rule by the presentation of the *post obits* with which they so prodigally purchased temporary popularity.

We had hoped that Labour dreams of railway nationalisation had faded away into that limbo of mirages conjured up by Mr. Lloyd George in his "Homes for Heroes" vein, comparable only with the Grand Transformation Scene with which Augustus Harris enchanted our childish imaginations at Drury Lane.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, however, is determined that the hopes raised by those two, Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill, shall be kept alive. He insists that the Railway Grouping Scheme was "the direct result of a compromise arrived at because of a conflict of views existing in the late Coalition Cabinet. Prior to the election of 1918, the then Prime Minister (evidently not quite certain that 'Homes for Heroes' and 'Hang the Kaiser' would see him through) had committed himself to public ownership and control of the railways. During the election Mr. Churchill gave this view on behalf of the Cabinet at Dundee. When the Coalition Government was returned the fixed intention was to nationalise the railways. Dissensions in the Cabinet resulted in Sir Eric Geddes' Amalgamation Scheme," welcomed by Mr. Thomas "as a step towards State ownership and control of all transport, which would provide better facilities for the public and afford an opportunity for improving the conditions of railwaymen as a whole."

It is here made undeniably plain that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill collaborated in a discreditable plot to rush the more sober and honest members of the Coalition into a vast measure of State Socialism simply to buy votes, and despite the fact that those other members refused so to stultify themselves. Mr. Churchill's attempt to dish his colleagues by that unauthorised declaration at Dundee should for ever banish him from the Councils of the Nation, unless, indeed, he chooses to throw in his lot with the Labour Party, which latterly he has been at such pains to revile.

Mr. Thomas wound up his speech at the Annual Conference of the N.U.R. at Crewe by a characteristic declaration. Labour leaders obstinately refuse to face facts, and, above all, the one vital circumstance that the chief factor in the abnormal costs which are producing trade depression, and incidentally are inflating the index cost of living which the Dockers objected to accept, is wages. They endeavour always to escape from the vicious circle of argument, which inconveniently begins and ends with wages, by the substitution of a sort of Whipping Boy whose nationality varies according to the temper of the audience. Our industrial and economic troubles are never the result of inflated wages, but always attributable, either to the Treaty of Versailles or to our refusal to welcome the emissaries of Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky at the Court of St. James.

"The real danger," says Mr. Thomas, "is the unfortunate trade depression. Notwithstanding the reduction in railway fares, the actual number of passengers on some big trunk lines is less than it was before the reductions. Traffic receipts are going down. That is not the fault of the railway companies or of the men. It is due to the insane policy of not realising that world peace is good for everybody. The companies, however, must not try to transfer their responsibilities on to us, because we will not have it." (Cheers, naturally.)

How long will Railway and Miners' Leaders try to perpetuate the fiction that their own particular section of the community can enjoy a rate of remuneration relatively higher than that awarded to the rest, *and without injury to the rest?*

Up to a point the scramble of "every man for himself and devil take the hindmost" is healthy enough, although very far from the Socialistic ideal of "one for all and all for one." The body politic is probably robust enough to stand a good deal of this scrimmaging, and a better working equation is perhaps more likely to emerge from these convulsive methods than from the philosophic brain of Mr. Sidney Webb.

The Panel System

JUDGING from the large correspondence which has been evoked by the announcement of an article by Dr. Blackhall-Morison in this issue on the Failure of the Panel System, the panel practitioners intend to offer a vigorous defence. It is impossible to avoid the impression that many of them are aware that there are, indeed, solid grounds for criticism of a system which can hardly as yet be said to have emerged from the experimental stage of a great innovation, or completely to have justified itself. That such criticism has been directed against it, not alone by the general public, but by respected and distinguished members of the profession itself, cannot be denied.

That the Panel System has an essentially Socialistic tendency of Lloyd Georgian origin, foreign to the English character and habit, is equally undeniable. Dissatisfaction with it is so general, and has been so widely expressed, that the protests of some of our correspondents at our temerity in publishing a condemnation of the system are suspiciously unconvincing. If, indeed, the Panel System has all the virtue they claim for it, let them rest assured that it cannot suffer much harm from a single article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, or in any other publication. Moreover, it is no part of the policy of this REVIEW to adopt a one-sided partisan attitude on any public question on which obviously there is much to be said on both sides. In such cases we may render both sides a service in providing a platform where both can get a fair hearing. Dr. Blackhall-Morison, indeed, indicates a remedy for the faults which he so temperately condemns. In our September and October numbers we shall publish articles which will state the best case which can be made out for the Panel System by leading members of the profession.

The Road Away from Revolution*

By Ex-President Woodrow Wilson

In these doubtful and anxious days, when all the world is at unrest and, look which way you will, the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them.

There must be some real ground for the universal unrest and perturbation. It is not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders. It probably lies deep at the sources of the spiritual life of our time. It leads to revolution; and perhaps if we take the case of the Russian Revolution, the outstanding event of its kind in our age, we may find a good deal of instruction for our judgment of present critical situations and circumstances.

What gave rise to the Russian Revolution? The answer can only be that it was the product of a whole social system. It was not in fact a sudden thing. It had been gathering head for several generations. It was due to the systematic denial to the great body of Russians of the rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness. The lives of the great mass of the Russian people contained no opportunities, but were hemmed in by barriers against which they were constantly flinging their spirits, only to fall back bruised and dispirited. Only the powerful were suffered to secure their rights or even to gain access to the means of material success.

It is to be noted as a leading fact of our time that it was against "capitalism" that the Russian leaders directed their attack. It was capitalism that made them see red; and it is against capitalism under one name or another

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that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment.

There are thoughtful and well-informed men all over the world who believe, with much apparently sound reason, that the abstract thing, the system, which we call capitalism, is indispensable to the industrial support and development of modern civilisation. And yet everyone who has an intelligent knowledge of social forces must know that great and widespread reactions like that which is now unquestionably manifesting itself against capitalism do not occur without cause or provocation; and before we commit ourselves irreconcilably to an attitude of hostility to this movement of the time, we ought frankly to put to ourselves the question, Is the capitalistic system unimpeachable? which is another way of asking, Have capitalists generally used their power for the benefit of the countries in which their capital is employed and for the benefit of their fellowmen?

Is it not, on the contrary, too true that capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible, either of money or of sympathy? Have not many fine men who were actuated by the highest principles in every other relationship of life seemed to hold that generosity and humane feeling were not among the imperative mandates of conscience in the conduct of a banking business, or in the development of an industrial or commercial enterprise?

And, if these offences against high morality and true citizenship have been frequently observable, are we to say that the blame for the present discontent and turbulence is wholly on the side of those who are in revolt against them? Ought we not, rather, to seek a way to remove such offences and make life itself clean for those who will share honourably and cleanly in it?

The world has been made safe for democracy. There need now be no fear that any such mad design as that entertained by the insolent and ignorant Hohenzollerns and their counsellors may prevail against it. But democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less

than the salvation of civilisation, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything we have built up is presently to fall in ruin about us; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it.

The road that leads away from revolution is clearly marked, for it is defined by the nature of men and of organised society. It therefore behoves us to study very carefully and very candidly the exact nature of the task and the means of its accomplishment.

The nature of men and of organised society dictates the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing; and it is essential to efficacious thinking in this critical matter that we should not entertain a narrow or technical conception of justice. By justice the lawyer generally means the prompt, fair, and open application of impartial rules; but we call ours a Christian civilisation, and a Christian conception of justice must be much higher. It must include sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forgo self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others and of the community as a whole. This is what our age is blindly feeling after in its reaction against what it deems the too great selfishness of the capitalistic system.

The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilisation cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead.

Here is the final challenge to our churches, to our political organisations, and to our capitalists—to everyone who fears God or loves his country. Shall we not all earnestly co-operate to bring in the new day?

"The Battle of the Boyne Water"

By Edward Shanks

To J. M. A.

THE boy's weariness was even yet not enough to overcome his lively sense of wonder. They had been travelling now for nearly a week; but every moment of every day still offered him new and delightful things. This fifth time that they came to a halt in the early dusk was as moving as it had been on the very first night. Everywhere the widespread cattle slowed up in their deliberate movement and, bunch by bunch, stood still. Then one would shift a pace or two on and start a dozen more round him; and then these would stop again. It was like the glissade of loose earth down a cliff, massing softly at the bottom and shivering into quietude, while a few last rills of fine soil tremble on over the surface and at last also are still. The boy watched this ending of the day with a sort of quiet rapture, and with the same rapture saw the distant horsemen, who had been riding in circles round the herd and were already half lost in the thickening darkness, turn towards the camp and grow more distinct again. Now the cook's fire, which, when they first came up, was only a pale blotch of yellow on the light earth, grew all at once vivid and warm. It was night. The night in Australia is sudden and pure: no long twilights or sunset clouds precede it.

The boy shook the reins on his horse's neck and galloped smartly towards the camp, not pulling up until he was almost there. One or two of the other horses, who were being unsaddled and hobbled, still lively even after

the day's work, were disturbed by his approach and began to prance and curvet.

"Hi, you there, Jacko!" cried a grumbling voice from a person concealed among them. "What are you doing? Don't be such a fool!"

"Sorry, Bill," the boy answered, very small and ashamed, "I wasn't thinking. . . ." He, too, dismounted, his face red and downcast. He was made miserable by the rebuke, the first since he had been allowed, trembling with incredulous pleasure, to join the mob making its slow southerly journey from up-country to the markets. They had been so kind to him, so large-hearted, so generous! It had been just a matter of getting away when they had taken him up with their fine incuriousness: another few hours even, and his angry father would have found him. Now he was safe from pursuit, and he had entered, however humbly, on the career he longed for. If he could not yet fairly call himself a drover, he was at least among drovers, watching them, diligently learning from them. In time he would be one of them and would rise until he was an overlander, till he had brought cattle all the way across the continent and married a girl who stipulated for that, like the girl in the song. All this they had done for him! He was mortified to think that he could have offended one of them by the smallest carelessness. He walked nervously to the camp-fire, afraid that Bill might have denounced him to the others as a blundering young fool. But Bill had not done so: he had already forgotten all about it.

"Come on, kid," he sang out through full mouth as Jacko approached. "Aren't you tired?" The boy pressed his lips tightly together, and shook his head. His relief and gratitude were too melting for him to dare to speak.

"You're a wonder for a town boy! Isn't he?" Bill swept the circle largely for agreement.

"Not bad," said one.

"Not bad," another echoed faithfully, mouth deep in the pannikin of steaming tea. There was a kind of tolerant affection in their terseness.

They all ate and drank in silence, stretching their aching legs and leaning forward now and then to take a dip of tea from the billy which stood by the fire. It grew

darker still, and the whole sky was covered with a glittering web of busy, restless stars. As they finished eating, one by one they filled their pipes and began to smoke.

"I've left my pipe in my pack," said one of the drovers, indolently letting his head and shoulders fall back. "Will it come if I whistle?"

"I'll get it, Fred," the boy whispered in his ear. He ran to the place where the saddles were piled, fumbled in Fred's rolled blue blanket, and, warm with pleasure, brought back the pipe.

"You're a good boy," Fred muttered, "a good boy . . ." His voice fell into a long sleepy grunt. Complete silence charmed the little fire-lit group.

At last Bill moved reluctantly. "Mustn't leave them cattle alone too long," he said. "Here you, Jacko, you can take the first turn round to-night. You've seen us—you know what to do, don't you?" The boy was rendered dumb by joyful surprise, and did nothing but stiffen in his place without speaking.

"Go' bless me," Bill yawned, "the poor kid's gone asleep. All right! don't wake him." The tardy response of the group to his first call for movement took on an air of exaggerated caution. They would not wake the sleeping child. The isolation among them which his age produced made him seem to them mysterious and rather fragile.

But Jacko had sprung up convulsively. "No, no, Bill, I'm not. I'll go—I'm going!" He ran out of the circle, while Bill looked after him with an amused grin. As he cantered towards the fringe of the herd, he cracked the stockwhip he needlessly carried—the first time with success, but the second time bungled it, so that the end of the fine lash curled back and stung his hand. He suppressed his cry of pain, for fear a drover so incompetent might be called back and another sent in his place.

The cattle, now not widely dispersed over the plain, made a lake of darkness on the crumbling earth which was faintly washed with starlight. There came from them a low continuous murmur of stirring hooves and lazily champing jaws. Now and again as he loped by, a straggler reared up its heavy quarters and stumbled closer in among the herd. And as he rode, so that the mob might know that it was

watched, he sang loud and shrill in time with the action of his horse.

I saw the old homestead and places I loved,
  I saw England's valleys and dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
  To the sound of the old village bells.
The moon was shining brightly,
  'Twas a night that would banish all sin:
The bells were ringing the Old Year out
  And the New Year in.

He sang many other songs and scraps of choruses as he went round the mob, and even a verse from a hymn, but this was his favourite and he sang it several times. He had learnt it from the drovers, whose favourite also it was: for they believed that it soothed the cattle as well as warned them. When he came in, they were all asleep except Bill, who sat with his elbows on his knees looking at the red fire.

"Turn in, kid," said Bill, yawning. "I'm going round now."

Jacko scraped a hole in the loose earth for his hip-bone, wrapped his blanket round him and was soon asleep.

They made an early start the next morning, and Bill drove the "reporter" out of the camp before he had finished his breakfast.

"Go on ahead quick, you lazy dog," he said angrily. "We're close in to the town—we might run into another mob any minute now." The "reporter" snivelled in the peevishness of early morning and stared with red eyes into the half-empty pannikin of tea that was too hot to drink quickly. It was the duty of this person to precede the drovers and their charge by an hour or so, to warn the squatters over whose land they were passing and to report the presence of any other mob which might be close enough to make a collision possible.

He was about to protest, stopped, and turned half away. "Go on, you," said Bill, sinking his voice into a kind of guttural growl. Jacko, who was helping the cook to clear up, watched from a distance with sideways glance, fascinated, half dreading, half desiring, a row. But the reporter lurched off to his horse, saddled it with unnecessary fumbling, and rode away.

Soon after the herd slowly began to move. The drovers galloped round its fringes, shouting and cracking their

whips and urging on their dogs, to get the cattle on their feet; and Jacko galloped with them, zealous to the extreme limits of an enthusiastic nature, and yelling very loudly in a voice which sometimes cracked. But he did not go far from Bill, whom he watched and imitated as much as he could. Bill was invariably kind to him and often unbending. But the moments when Bill really took notice of him, he thought, were hardly enough; and he hung about, hoping that they might be multiplied.

In Bill and in the other drovers, this morning, there was a mixture of pleased excitement and irritable tension. They were getting near home, they would soon hand over the cattle and would then be free to spend their wages; but the nearer they got the greater were their impatience and their difficulties and the chances of collision with another mob. All men are perhaps at the height of their faculties in such a mixture of strong opposed feelings, which dissipates by its combined power the last remnants of human sluggishness and doubt. They live fully, and only then, though they do not know it, are happy.

The boy was penetrated by the unconscious spirit of his companions, and submitted himself to the influence of the moment, possibly with a purer response than theirs. The air was pleasant and a little sharp; even the dry dust that flew into his nostrils from the galloping hooves of Bill's horse seemed to be invigorating. His own horse was fresh and playful: it bucked slightly now and then, galloped and twisted exaggeratedly in answer to the slightest touch on the rein. This did not trouble him. He slipped the fingers of his right hand under the tight monkey-strap, and he and the horse became as it were one animal, bouncing about in excitement, like a dog that translates into leaps and barks his own share in his master's joy.

Soon the mob was fairly on the march, straying along with almost imperceptible motion. They continued at an even rate until a couple of hours before noon, when the heat began to be so heavy that it seemed as if it were scorching their shoulders through the thin singlets. Suddenly a faint yell floated back from far away towards the head of the mob. Bill reined in, lifted his head in an attitude of powerful grace, and listened.

Jacko stopped beside him and said, "What is it, Bill?"

As he got no answer, he repeated the question. But Bill only frowned, shook his head impatiently and started forward at full speed. The boy followed but could not keep up; and he was two hundred yards behind when he saw Bill and one of the drovers meeting. Their voices came to him thinly in the clear air, and he could see the drover wave his arms, seeming to point into the distance with a frantic gesture. Bill nodded and started again abruptly; and Jacko went on as hard as he could, puzzled, excited, and finally anxious. The drover sat his horse motionless and waited for him.

"What's the matter?" cried Jacko, as he drew level.

"Two or three thousand head coming up on the left," said the man. "We're going to have a mix-up. God knows what that reporter has been doing! Hurry back and fetch up some of the chaps."

When the boy returned with help, the mix-up had already begun. The two herds, moving with the slow, uncontrollable weight of icefields afloat in the polar seas, had come into collision, and each had penetrated the other. Some of the drovers of the second mob had now arrived, and Bill was withdrawn in hasty consultation with their foreman. Jacko approached them, irrepressibly, just as the other foreman exclaimed in despair,

"Oh, God, we're in for it. There's a goring-match beginning now."

"What can I do, Bill?" the boy cried. "What is it?"

"Oh, hell!" Bill returned abstractedly. "Get out of it." Then he wheeled his horse round again and spoke with more attention. "Keep clear of this—d'you understand? You don't know anything about this: you'll only get hurt. If you don't keep away, I'll cut your heart out." Tears started in the boy's eyes, but he stayed where he was, while the two foremen hurried off. Presently he began to edge a little nearer to the trouble. His conscience told him that he ought to go and help with the part of the herd which was still not involved; but his desire to see all that was going on here overmastered him.

As he watched, the scene was faintly obscured by clouds of red dust which the hooves of horses and cattle scattered in the air. He could dimly see horsemen galloping in among the angry, frightened steers, shouting and lashing

with their whips. One raced at full speed to catch an animal that was running amuck, came alongside it, and, leaning from his saddle, viciously threw a handful of pebbles in its ear. It tossed up its head, stamped, bellowed and kicked, but became quiet. Other men were circling round two frantic beasts which, with horns lowered and blood already streaming from their sides, had engaged in battle. Jacko's heart almost stopped, between terror and admiration, when he saw Bill on his powerful horse thrusting himself into the fight. A drift of tawny dust swirled across. When it cleared, one of the steers was on the ground, plunging helplessly with all four legs at once. Bill, by mercilessly screwing its tail round and round, had made it fall, while the others had seized the moment to chase away its enemy. In a minute or two, it seemed, the worst confusion was over and a wide lane was driven between the two herds. But for nearly another hour skirmishes and collisions occurred here and there, as the second mob was driven past by sweating men who cracked their whips and yelled like demons.

At last the two herds were finally and safely separated, and a neutral belt, broad enough to prevent accidents, was cleared between them. In this belt the men gathered together, panting and wiping their faces, while the fine dust settled on their hair and moustaches and necks, and caked on the blood from the gored cattle with which they were all sickeningly besmeared. They were still shouting at one another, confusedly and brokenly, accounts of their several adventures, when a horseman approached, a cool, trim figure, dressed in white, spotless and assured.

"It's the squatter!" whispered the other foreman; and he and Bill turned together and saluted with respect the great landowner over whose station they were passing. His greeting in return was an enviable compound of pleasantness and dignity, which impressed itself on the boy, though he could not quite make out all its bewildering elements. The squatter talked to the two foremen for a few minutes, in the form of sympathy, but apparently with the purpose of assuring himself that this incident, so troublesome a thing to happen on his land, was really over. When he had delicately obtained a certainty of this, he looked, not relieved, for on his serene face there was no

room for such an expression, but even more friendly than before. He kept up the conversation a little longer and ended with the casual, half-muttered remark that he had given the local hotel-keeper ten pounds, to which extent the men were invited to refresh themselves and drink his health. Before they had quite understood, the galloping horse had carried him and his waving hand almost out of sight.

"A white man!" Bill said appreciatively.

"One of the right sort," his fellow added. They beckoned on their men.

The Help-me-through-the-World Hotel was a rough building with a roof of corrugated iron and a large public room which its guests entered by way of a verandah. The men trooped into this, with Jacko at their heels, and found the proprietor setting out plates, and corned beef and bread, on a long trestle-table. He was a little, stout Cockney, full of a bustling assurance and readiness which seemed to cover a secret dread of these reckless wanderers, not yet assuaged by twenty years spent in the casual service of them and their likes. He had the half-jocular, half-truculent manner of an animal-tamer in the lions' cage.

"Come along, boys," he shouted in a loud sing-song, with an affability comically denied by the stoniness of his small eyes, "come along! Dinner's all ready! Thank Mr. Evans and fill yourselves up!"

The two gangs jostled round the table together, making friends and swapping stories of the march and of this day's adventure, and cannoning into one another good-humouredly as they made way for a pale, thin girl who had begun to carry round great mugs of beer. The buzz of voices swelled into a fluctuating and cheerful roar. Jacko, pushed to this side and that by boisterous drovers, fell back gradually to the door, where he stayed leaning against the wall feeling rather dismally out of it. The men of his own gang seemed to have forgotten him; the others had not noticed him. They were all chumming together with the violent friendliness of those who have only an hour or two for companionship and will not meet again for ten years, if ever at all. The boy understood with pain that he had been hardly more than a pet; and pets do sometimes get neglected when their masters have

novel and more urgent interests. He was grateful when Bill shouted to him over his shoulder to help with cutting the beef. But, as he settled to the job, hacking pieces of the dull red slab, he felt a certain loneliness, a certain absurd pricking in the corners of his eyes.

Without looking round, he threw on to plates the ragged portions he cut, which the pale girl as quickly carried away. But presently, although he tried to absorb himself in his task, he became aware that some kind of disturbance was going on at his shoulder. He made an effort to ignore it, could not, and at last dropped the carving-knife and turned his head. In a corner of the room, in front of a window, hung a large wicker cage in which there was a magpie.

"*Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi-phee!*" the magpie whistled. "*Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi!*"—over and over again, with a sort of idiotic cheerfulness, never once moving on its perch. Underneath the unconscious bird, Fatty Ryan, the cook of the boy's gang, was engaged in an only half-friendly dispute with one of the strangers. Fatty was a round, pleasant man, by way of being the buffoon of the party; and in his feckless way he had been kind to Jacko. He was expostulating now with a foolish earnestness, waving his short, fat arms and puffing out the red bristles of a thin moustache. His opponent was a taller and leaner man whose irritation was no less obvious but not quite so laughable.

"Let the bird be!" he repeated monotonously. "I like his singin'."

"I won't let the bird be," Fatty panted angrily. "I'll have him out of this!"

"Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-*phee*-phi!" came the uninterested obbligato of the magpie. Jacko tried to remember what the tune was, but could make nothing of it, though it seemed a little familiar.

"I say you will!"

"And I say I won't!" Fatty shouted, pushing his enemy. "Get away, you blasted tyrant! Have I come ten thousand miles to have my face ground by the like of you?"

"Gr-r-r, you Paddy," muttered the tall man, astonished by the sudden jab in his stomach. And then he lifted his

voice into an amazing whoop and yelled, "To Hell with the Pope!"

Fatty yelled as loud in answer, but inarticulately, his pale blue eyes protruding from their sockets and his moustache bristling out straighter than ever.

"I say, what's all this?" Bill cried, rising and throwing down a bench. The noise drowned for a moment the voices of the two quarrellers. The other foreman rose at the same time and knocked into Bill as he came forward.

"What is it? What's the matter? What the devil's taken Fatty?" The men all got up from their seats at once, tumultuously. There was the loud smashing of a plate and a jug of beer went over. They surged round the magpie's cage, crowded together, lurching and swaying. Jacko was trodden on, recoiled abruptly, and was thrown to his knees by someone advancing behind him. He crouched on the floor, shielding his face with his hands.

A bewildering tangle of voices filled the room, with a sort of undertone of angry grunting and panting. "Sit down!" "Don't be fools!" "Hit him in the eye!" "What is it?" "You leave Fatty alone!" They were all jumbled together, and in the midst of them the invisible Fatty could be heard screaming like a child in a temper. Another invisible person sang in a scraping voice, but with a sort of jovial malignity:

> **Up to your neck in Irish blood,**
> **Up to your neck in slaughter!**
> **The devil himself . . .**

The singing descended abruptly into a groan of pain. Jacko, still on his knees, looked on with astonishment. Then the mass swayed forward, knocked him flat, and brought down the table with a crash. The magpie's cage was lifted in the air by a forest of stretching arms and flew across the room towards the door. The boy crawled through the stamping feet into a corner and picked himself up: his shoulder was soaked with beer and a scrap of beef was sticking to his cheek. When his head had stopped reeling, the crowd was jammed tight in its unanimous effort to get out of the shanty. From its midst came the muttered sound of suppressed fury unable to translate itself into violence.

"Soak him one! Don't let 'em down us!" Suddenly,

like an obstinate cork at last leaving a bottle, the mob burst into the open, and dispersed into straggling groups of twos and threes. Jacko followed and saw with agony his foreman going down heavily under a blow from a man in the other gang. Fatty Ryan had been separated from his first enemy and was maintaining a hopeless battle against another, with a closing right eye and a cut forehead and raw knuckles. The boy caught his breath as he saw those reddened hands swing up once more, feeble but indomitable, helpless to save Fatty's round, friendly face from the fists that pounded it again and again.

The fight spread over the flat ground in front of the shanty, and each one of the drovers seemed to have found an opponent from the other gang. Only the boy was left out, alone, terrified by this sudden outburst of causeless hatred and rage. His knees felt weak and he sat down on the threshold of the hotel, clasping the lintel with painfully contracted fingers. His head swam and he had odd sensations in his throat and in his stomach. He was not afraid for a moment that he himself might suffer in the conflict. His overwhelming dismay at the injuries his friends were giving and receiving shielded him from such alarms.

Meanwhile the sun had travelled up into the zenith, growing more and more powerful, until it seemed that its heat fused with and animated the blind anger of the mortals it contemptuously surveyed. To Jacko's eyes the scene was like a presentment of hell. The sky drove back his upturned glance as if a red-hot hand smashed in his face. The air was thick with ochreous, stinging dust which the feet of men and cattle had churned up; and through this infernal haze the trunks of the tall, ring-barked gum trees, lean and grey and dead, looked down on the senseless struggle as though they felt a sardonic superiority in their own stillness and death.

The boy's back ached and his head went dizzily round: he felt that he was going to be sick. Couple after couple of frantic men danced grotesquely across his sight, their lips split, their noses crushed, squeezing from tired lungs raging grunts that were meant to stand for curses. Their own blood flowed red on their dingy singlets and made dark patches on their blue dungarees. His fingers let go of the doorpost and slid down over his knees. With hands help-

lessly scratching in the dust, he fought his restive stomach, while blurred, horrible colours moved in front of his eyes. Presently he sat up again, trembling all over, shaken but relieved, the sweat standing coldly on his forehead, though the air was hotter than ever. But when he looked round with watering eyes, he saw Bill and his late opponent limping slowly towards the hotel, their arms linked in apparent friendliness.

"Come in and get us a drink, Jacko," Bill muttered cheerfully through his horribly swollen lips. He and his companion lurched through the door, squeezing close together rather than unlink their arms. Jacko stood up and stared about him. The battle was over: the mysterious angers which had provoked it were mysteriously spent. Some of the drovers were coming in, walking in twos and threes, as they had fought; some lay on their backs on the ground, panting out their exhaustion. All were covered with blood and bruises and caked with dust.

The boy went into the long room, his mind occupied by fantastic and unseizable thoughts. In a dream, he fell once more to cutting meat and filling mugs. Soon the room was full again, and the voices volleyed from wall to wall like flights of vociferous birds. He carried round the plates and the beer, asking himself whether he had really seen what he had supposed. In a little while every man had what he wanted, and Bill called to Jacko to go and sit by his side. The boy obeyed gladly, and, as he sat down, heard the foreman swearing that it had been too hot and they were all too tired to go on long with that sort of game.

"You're right," said his companion, and recent enemy, with a solemn expression, taking a long draught of beer. He paused, regarded his mug thoughtfully, and said again, with an air of judgment still more considered, "You're right." Bill pushed back his plate and puffed out an eloquent breath of contentment.

"Bill," said Jacko at last, in a low voice which was covered by the noisy talking, "Bill, what was it all about?"

"What was it all about?" Bill turned and regarded the questioner with lazy, replete astonishment. "Why, you know, it started with that bird."

"Yes, but why, Bill?"

The foreman seemed puzzled and, for a moment, too lazy to give an explanation which required an effort of memory. At last he said, " It was the tune, d'you see? Fatty's an Irish Papist and he couldn't bear to sit in the same room with a magpie that whistled ' The Battle of the Boyne Water.' It's like a red rag to a bull to them chaps. And the other chap's an Orangeman from Belfast, so, of course, he wouldn't have the bird turned out."

" But why? "

" Don't ask me why," Bill answered profoundly.

The boy rocked back on the bench, drawing up his knees between his hands, and thought over these matters. But he was aware of something obscurely tugging at his consciousness and dragging his mind out of its reverie.

" *Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi-phee!* "

What in the world could it be? But what could be these creatures who behaved so inexplicably and who were so friendly and so terrifying and so magnificent? He would understand one day, for one day he would be like them. His mind struggled with the problem and was again distracted.

" *Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi!* "

He remembered, and went quietly to the door. Outside, a few yards from the hotel, the wicker cage was lying on its side in the dust, so broken and twisted that it was no longer a prison. But the magpie was still sitting on the perch, whistling, without interest, the only tune it knew.

An Indian Economy Committee*

By Lord Inchcape

THE final report of the Geddes Committee was made public in February, 1922. Before its major reverberations had died away, I was, from being a member of Committee in that investigation, invited two months later by the Indian Government to assume the chief *rôle* in a similar inquiry in India, and I was pressed to go out to the East without delay. I was of opinion, however, that to face such a task in the Indian hot weather would have been to court failure. I therefore planned to go out in October. The delay gave time for the marshalling by departments of considered financial statements and incidentally gave an impetus towards such economies as they could immediately effect by consideration of their existing needs and resources.

ITS COMPOSITION AND REFERENCE.

As before, I was fortunate in my colleagues. The Indian Retrenchment Committee was constituted in June, 1922, its members being, besides myself as Chairman, Sir Thomas S. Catto, Mr. Dadiba M. Dalal (now High Commissioner for India in London), Sir R. N. Mookerjee, Sir Alexander R. Murray, and Mr. Purshotamdas Thakurdas. Thus the Committee was composed of three native Indian gentlemen and three members British born. The terms of reference were " To make recommendations to the Government of India for effecting forthwith all possible reductions in the expenditure of the Central Government, having regard especially to the present financial position and outlook. In so far as questions of policy are involved in the expenditure under discussion, these will be left for the exclusive consideration of the Government, but it will be open to the Committee to review the expenditure and to indicate the economies which might be effected if particular policies were either adopted, abandoned, or modified."

It was generally conceded that the members of the Committee possessed qualifications which especially fitted

* By courtesy of the Editor of the *Journal des Débats*.

them to undertake the appointed task. They were, first and foremost, business men of ripe judgment and experience and of long acquaintance, by protracted residence in the country, with Indian affairs. They were politicians only in the sense that every intelligent member of a community living under conditions of advancing civilisation is, more or less, a politician. Mr. (now Sir H. F.) Howard, of the India Office, and Mr. James Milne, Assistant General Manager of the Great Western Railway, were lent to the Committee as Secretary and Attached Officer respectively, and accompanied me to India. I had, with the Secretary and Mr. Milne, begun work in London in August and continued it on the passage out to India in the preparation of *questionnaires*. Other and most efficient assistants were Mr. R. A. Mant, Mr. A. F. L. Brayne, of the Finance Department of the Government of India, and Colonel Harding Newman. The Committee began work at Delhi on November 8th, and after four months of close and continuous application presented its report on March 1st last. The scope of the Committee's labours may be gauged by their report, which covers 294 closely printed foolscap pages and, after reviewing the expenditure under every head of all departments of the Government of India, details in each case the recommendations of the Committee for bringing such expenditure within the limits of a solvent Budget. Thus there were passed in review the expenditure on military services; railways; posts and telegraphs; general administration; political administration; the civil administrative departments; revenue collecting services; miscellaneous departments and services such as interest on debt and sinking funds, currency, mints, exchange, famine relief, pensions and superannuation allowances, adjustments between the Central and Provincial Governments; expenditure on minor and outlying administrations; pay and allowances; and other matters.

The Committee's Problem.

The Government Budget for 1922-23 left unbridged a revenue deficit of Rs.9,16,28,000. This was the fifth of a succession of deficits aggregating Rs.100 crores, and the current year's deficit threatened to exceed that of the

Budget estimate. It was clear that the country could not afford the heavy charges involved by further huge additions to unproductive debt, and that if India was to remain solvent immediate steps must be taken to balance her Budget. Moreover, it was contemplated that annual contributions by the Provinces to the Central Government should be progressively reduced, and the prospective gradual shrinkage of this aid to revenue made economies all the more imperative. Taxation, increased by Rs.39 crores since 1914, had almost reached its utmost limit, so that while an improvement of Rs.20 crores had to be obtained to make the position secure, it was evident that the main source of relief must be found in a retrenchment of expenditure. Such expenditure under the seven main heads of debt services, pensions, commercial departments, collection of revenue, civil administration, effective military services and payments to provincial governments had risen from Rs.1.04 crores in 1913-14 to Rs.2.21 crores in 1922-23. Of the latter sum the Committee found that Rs.57½ crores were of an obligatory character and insusceptible of reduction; charges for collection of revenue, Rs.5¾ crores, were found, consistently with efficiency, to be only slightly reducible. But the Committee considered that railways, which in 1921-22 lost for the State, in working, Rs.9½ crores, should, by a curtailment of working expenses, ensure an average return of 5½ per cent. of the State capital invested in them. They recommended substantial economies under the heads of Post and Telegraphs, but concluded that the main field for economy lay in the regions of military service and civil administration. Moreover, they emphasised the importance, in the commercial and quasi-commercial departments and manufacturing establishments of the Government, of keeping commercial accounts, and recommended a drastic reduction of the huge stocks of stores held by many departments, with a corresponding reduction in maintenance establishments and avoidance of the heavy charges for depreciation which must by retention of such stocks have been entailed.

The Solution.

Out of a total estimated expenditure of Rs.221½ crores, of which only Rs.158 crores was found to be susceptible of

reduction, the Committee proposed cuts amounting to Rs.19½ crores made up as follows:—

	Expenditure. Rs.	Reduction proposed. Rs.
Debt Services	43,77,65,000	—
Pensions	13,14,65,000	7,38,000
Commercial Departments	79,19,77,000	6,05,79,000
Collection of Revenue	5,74,07,000	72,66,000
Civil Administration	14,49,06,000	2,19,09,000
Military Services—		
Army	56,78,85,000	8,95,30,000
Royal Air Force	1,41,00,000	—
Royal Indian Marine	1,57,22,000	75,00,000
Military Works	4,70,27,000	76,96,000
Payments to Provincial Governments	63,29,000	—
	2,21,45,83,000	19,52,18,000

The Committee were unanimous in their conclusions, although at times the discussions assumed a certain critical liveliness, and the Report was signed by all without dissent. To the various departments of the Government we of the Committee were indebted for many of the suggested economies and for furnishing without reserve all desired information; our labours were greatly lightened by the Finance Department's preparation of lucid statements of expenditure under all heads; and for laborious work ungrudgingly performed we placed on record in our official report our gratitude to those named above who sat with us as helpers.

The Moral.

This article,* brief as is its summary of the work of the two economy committees on which I have had the honour to sit, has run to greater length than I anticipated; but I cannot close it without once more emphasising my detached belief that, where national expenditure threatens to run towards national insolvency, the diagnosis of the disease and the prescription of the remedy must, if a cure is to be effected, be the work of men aloof from political life and possessing, in their management of commercial affairs on a large scale, the financial and business experience necessary to reduce Government finance to business terms and conditions.

*Lord Inchcape's first article on the work of the Geddes Committee appeared in *The English Review* for July.

The Need of a Masculine Renaissance

By Anthony M. Ludovici

THERE could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the success of the Allied arms in the late European War, or indeed that the military achievement of the belligerent nations in general, indicates a high degree of manliness in the present generation. Nevertheless, to question the validity of this plausible inference is almost tantamount to making a public acknowledgment of one's insanity; and he who, perceiving certain indubitable proofs of male degeneracy in the world about him, ventures to call attention to these disturbing signs, is regarded as sufficiently answered if he is warned not to forget "the wonderful fighting qualities of our men" during the years 1914-1918.

The universal opinion seems to be, that while those who spoke of degeneracy before the war could at least be listened to with patience, they now have not a leg to stand upon. Their pessimistic croakings have all proved false, and the sooner they realise this the better. Now we suggest that this is the greatest of modern errors, in the first place because it arises from an attitude of overweening self-complacency—never a safe point of view; and, secondly, because it reveals a misunderstanding so gross of what degeneracy means, that it is in itself one of the best proofs of degeneracy.

Without wishing in the least to underrate or to belittle the endurance, courage, and enterprise of the good soldier, are we, at the command of these apologists for the modern man, to confine our idea of manliness within the limits required for military distinction alone? Good fighting qualities were among the earliest male characteristics to be acquired. We find them in most male animals, even in those belonging to our domestic species. But degeneracy does not mean the loss of a creature's oldest

characteristics; it means rather a departure from the higher and more recently acquired qualities of a race or people. Thus a man might be totally unfit for civilised society, and nevertheless show himself a formidable, valorous, and chivalrous fighter. But he could hardly be both a good fighter and fit for civilised society, unless he possessed certain other and higher qualities of mind and character, which the steady evolution of civilised society in Europe has rendered almost indispensable to the desirable male.

Any departure from that standard, therefore, although it might leave millions of good fighters behind, would constitute degeneracy.

Obviously the danger is to limit too narrowly our conception of what constitutes manliness; and when we find, as we frequently do to-day, that even where the strictly military standard is abandoned, there yet remains very much more of a man's relation to sport and to the open air in his general claim to manliness, than of his correct relationship to women, or to thought, or to the problems presented by his citizenship, we may suspect that some degeneration has occurred, not only in our ideal of manliness, but also in man himself.

Strength of character and will, lucidity and precision of thought and expression, a disinclination to react to the emotional appeal, and a pronounced predilection in favour of the intellectual appeal—all these qualities which distinguish a man most perfectly from the bulk of his womenfolk, are bare essentials in the equipment of manliness; and yet they are hardly ever referred to nowadays in any catalogue purporting to contain an enumeration of manly attributes. We content ourselves, we blind ourselves, with a standard that has little more than good horsemanship, physical courage, breeziness, and pleasant manners to distinguish it; and are nevertheless surprised when those departments of the world's most important activities which are presided over by men show every sign of mismanagement, confusion, and decrepitude.

Looseness of thought and expression are now the rule; but they would not be the rule if men had not grown effeminate. And no amount of open-air exercise and skill at polo or golf ought to exonerate a man from a charge of degeneracy, if he is either ruled by his womenfolk, or,

in his daily life, and in his handling of the problems that concern him as a husband and a citizen, he reveals a slovenliness and weakness which, though excusable in the emotional sex, are unpardonable in him.

In the anarchy of the average English home, in the discontent and masterful assertiveness of most English women, we may behold some of the results of the Procrustean violence that has been done to the ideal of manliness; but in no department of modern life is the effeminacy of present-day men more apparent than in the world of political thought and social theorising; for here, to find emotions taking the place of ideas, and loose and superficial phraseology and analysis overmastering and superseding precision, penetration, and sound reasoning, is not by any means the exception, but the general rule.

To give but one illustration of what I mean—and it is important enough to support my whole argument—observe the enormous progress which, during the last fifty years, has been made by the ideology of Socialism and Communism all over Europe! No such success could possibly have been achieved by this body of ideas, however, if they had been addressed to a generation of men intellectually alert, disciplined in thought, and sufficiently masculine in their precision and care, both in the use and understanding of political phraseology. For I take this occasion of remarking that in the many movements known under the generic name of Socialism, not only the advocates of the cause themselves, but also their most bitter and most enlightened opponents, have exhibited a degree of intellectual torpor and superficiality incompatible with even a moderate standard of truly masculine intelligence.

A brief analysis of what has occurred will make this clear.

By most of the severest critics and fiercest enemies of Socialism it is thought that the movement is one of organised envy and covetousness; and that, in so far as it is admittedly animated by these two infirmities of the human mind, it is not a modern or a recent idea, but as old as those infirmities themselves. It is further argued that, in so far as the hoary antiquity of the passions behind it lends it a certain quality of necessity and inevitability, Socialism is an essential stage in a process of social evolu-

tion, in which, although our immediate material interests may best be served by an attitude of frank hostility, we must in the end acquiesce with more or less good grace.

Now this attitude towards Socialism, which is much more common than many suppose, constitutes at once the weakness of all its most active opponents, and the best possible weapon in the armoury of the Socialist party. For he who speaks of antiquity, or of necessity, or of natural evolution, in regard to Socialism, is so utterly in the darkness of error, that any possible change he can make in his opinion, right or left, must be for the better. He cannot stir but he will mend.

I am prepared to admit that covetousness and envy, whether conscious or unconscious, are both to be found in the emotional background of Socialism, and nevertheless I deny most emphatically that Socialism is on that account as old as these human infirmities themselves. Nay, I am prepared to claim a recent historical genesis for Socialism, while refusing to acknowledge either its necessity or inevitability as a stage in our political evolution. For I am prepared to show that if clarity had always presided over our deliberations—such clarity, I mean, as should constitute the meanest birthright of every "manly" man—we should never have heard of Socialism, except as a false alarm at dawn, which was forgotten by all sensible people at midday.

If covetousness and envy were the only—or even the principal—emotional factors behind the Socialist's attitude, the modern world would have had nothing to do with it; for the modern world, unlike the world of antiquity, is obsessed chiefly by moral considerations. It has not the courage to claim any privilege or right, or to proceed to any violent or drastic action, save on moral grounds. The populace of Athens and Rome were probably covetous, and used their strength and their numbers to effect such reforms as their covetousness suggested. They had the courage of their infirmities, and a clean conscience in their immorality. But the modern world has no knowledge of such an attitude. It has no conception of the intellectual cleanliness of such an attitude. No modern man, unless he were a burglar frankly pursuing a career of crime, would ever dream of entering a wealthy citizen's house to

claim from him a quarter of his possessions on the grounds of (*a*) covetousness, and (*b*) greater physical strength with which to support that covetousness. And it is in this sense that Socialism is new, and has no connection with the proletarian and popular acquisitiveness of antiquity.

If the modern man, actuated to some extent by covetousness and envy, wishes to indulge these infirmities, his recently acquired instincts compel him to clothe this wish in a moral garb—in a form, that is to say, which will appear to provide him with a motive more exalted than cupidity, and at the same time supply his opponent with virtuous reasons for capitulating; and the issue between them, far from being a trial of strength, in which the more powerful must prevail, becomes a duel of casuistry, in which the victor must necessarily be he who first succeeds in persuading his adversary of his error.

Now in this respect Socialism is essentially a modern product, for it comes forward with a moral reason for effecting a reform which, but for its ethical plea, is in no wise distinguishable from any other attempt made heretofore to realise and to fulfil the velleities of covetousness and envy.

The contest with Socialism, therefore, is plainly a contest of principles; and the side which first allows itself to be thoroughly persuaded is lost. The only weapons that require to be employed are acumen and vigilance; and we submit that the extent to which the Socialistic and Communistic parties have so far succeeded, is the measure of the lack of masculine intellectual vigour on the part of their opponents. For, as we hope to show that the supporters of these movements themselves must, by the nature of the case, be labouring under a confusion of thought, the gradual progress they are making argues an equal, if not a greater, amount of mental confusion in the opposing ranks.

Obviously it behoves the opponents of Socialism diligently to examine and test the validity of the moral justification upon which the movement depends, in order to be able to resist it with more power and conviction than can be derived from stubbornness and fear alone. Has this ever been attempted? No! A large number of people have certainly endeavoured to discredit the

Socialist's proposals by demonstrating the practical difficulties of his schemes, but no one has ever attacked Socialism on the grounds that its moral justification was all sophistry. Indeed, the very weakness of the opposing ranks arises chiefly from the fact that they secretly acquiesce in this sophistry; and since the attack on the practicability of Socialism merely drives the Socialist to improve his schemes without abandoning his standpoint, very little progress, if any, is made by the anti-Socialist party.

What then is the moral justification under which the modern proletarian and so-called "intellectual" movement, known as Socialism, advances its proposals?

The moral justification of theoretic and practical Socialism is the plea of Justice. It is to Justice that the Socialist points, it is to Justice he aspires, and it is Justice that lends his movement the moral prestige which is three-quarters of its strength.

Now, astonishing as it may seem, the opponents of Socialism, like the Socialists themselves, have not yet discovered that the "Justice" which forms the moral justification of the movement is a pure illusion, a meaningless fable, the most elaborate "eye-wash" that has ever been contrived by man. And until this discovery is made and its consequences thoroughly understood, there will be no such thing as a sound and inflexible opposition to the modern movement of covetousness and envy. To deny the validity of the moral basis of Socialism is obviously to unmask it, and to reduce it to measures which, though possibly barbarous, have nevertheless the virtue of frankness and courage on their side. But the modern European is not barbarous, neither has he the courage of his infirmities. He is not likely to resort to methods of brute force, when once the moral justification of his claims have been taken from him. For that he is too moral, too much obsessed by morality. Acute hunger alone might give him the courage for such a step—and even then, the fact that the moral glamour had been lifted from his activities would destroy a good deal of his zest in continuing them.

Be this as it may, it is certainly a singular experience, in this enlightened age, to behold a movement as intelligent and as ably supported as Socialism, steadily advancing,

and driving back the enemy's outposts, on the score of a moral justification alone, when all the while that justification itself is a pure myth; and the situation appears all the more fantastic when it is remembered that both the strength of the triumphant party and the weakness of their opponents are due to the belief which each side openly or secretly professes in the moral justification in question.

This is only one among the many illustrations that could be given of the decline in the masculine virtues of thought and mind which was noticed above; it is only one of the many examples that could be adduced of disorder and strife arising out of the emotionalism, confusion, and mental torpor of modern men; and if, as we believe, these symptoms point to a degeneration of man as a civilised and highly organised animal; if all the intricate muddle that surrounds us may truly be ascribed to the lack of genuine manliness in our generation, then it would seem that the only hope for the world must lie in the advent of a new breed of men, a more catholic conception of the ideal "manliness," and in the endeavour to bring about as early as possible that which, for lack of a better name, we may well term: A Masculine Renaissance.

Iron for Apples

By Louis Golding

WHAT had happened? Where had the apple-trees gone? That was what John couldn't find out. How could you conceive a world without orchards? There were apples enough on the greengrocers' stalls throughout all Doomington, but that was not what he wanted. He wanted to be under the trees where the heavy branches curved down towards him; lie under them, that is, after clearing away the windfalls carefully. Here and there was a diamond of sky between the thick leaves or stuck to a tree like a blue berry. What had happened to the orchards? And when spring came there was a floodtide of blossom, bursting into flaky spray. Even in winter, gaunt and gnarled as they were, the apple-trees stood there, the most trusty of his friends.

He did not resolve the matter in this way. From his earliest memories the orchards were merely the most important and obvious thing in the world. And now he could walk till he was hungry and afraid, and still count the trees on both hands. His father had died when he was nine, four years ago (he did not remember his mother excepting as a vague warmth and a voice). Aunt Jane had come down into Herefordshire for him, to take him north to Doomington and her ironmongery shop—a phantasm of basins and hammers, scrubbing brushes and nails.

John's father had been a gentleman-farmer, with a strong insistence on the " gentleman," an insistence which had been the root of many misfortunes.

John could not, of course, go to the village school, but must tramp every day to Miss Follett's " Academy " four miles away. It was a frightening institution, because Miss Follett had such large, fat hands, and everybody knew she kept claws in the soft of her palms. The kinder she seemed the more was she to be feared. There was always " Calcutta " at the back of everybody's mind, that abyss under

the stairs which was the extreme penalty for evil-doing. In John's time its hideous hinges had creaked only twice; once for the contumacious Smithson, who had flung a stone at the portrait of Queen Victoria in the music-room; and once on John himself. It had been a curious event altogether, John remembered. Strictly, it had been Miss Follett's own fault for having a floating kidney. Nobody knew whence the information came first, but it fascinated the entire Academy. Would the floating kidney ever float into visibility? What would Miss Follett say when it appeared? At night, in bed, could she hear it swishing as it floated? The behaviour of Miss Follett's kidney was discussed in fearful whispers. And then came the episode of the kites. Kites became all the rage at the Academy, and it was customary to identify your kite by attaching a streamer bearing the name of your favourite cricket hero or battleship or pudding; anything, in fact, that stood out in your imagination.

John had been foolhardy enough to fasten the legend "Floating Kidney" to his kite; and when it became entangled with Miss Follett's rose-bushes, the whole school was threatened with "Calcutta" if the culprit did not declare himself.

All afternoon John's heart, as he lay captive in "Calcutta," beat like a piston, clanging, clanging, till he thought the rat in the corner must surely take fright and slink out. Rumour had it that there were toads in "Calcutta," too, and snakes, and even, whatever they might be, scorpions. He did not bring himself to investigate. There was no doubt of the rat. Then suddenly his mind, descending like a gull over the water, fell upon the thought of orchards. He set his chin, a determined young chin, tightly upon this thought of orchards. Bird-song penetrated the opacity of his prison. Blossom flickered and fell. Blue sky lifted itself on aery arches. He was out again with George, who had sole charge of the apples; the same George who thought more of the blight in a fruit-tree than the state of the cows at calving-time. He was out again with George, pruning the twigs, removing a slug from its neat bed at the fork of a branch, scraping the grey lichen from the bark. "Calcutta" did not matter now. They could come when they pleased.

Someone opened the door, and John blinked, shuffled forward, and smiled in the felicity of his vision. Miss Follett esteemed it a fresh act of defiance, and "Calcutta" embraced him for one hour longer. Now he was running home again. A few times he stopped for breath, but at last he was home. Through the paddock, over the stream, deep into the heart of the orchards. Then his pent emotions escaped in a fit of exuberant tears. He wept under the falling blossom till he was sick. His stomach heaved for liberty, for love of his apple-trees, while the petals powdered his hair.

When he went in for tea his father noticed nothing. He was busy reconciling, in as gentlemanly a manner as possible, a sheet of irreconcilable figures.

The smash came only a year later. John, looking at his father one morning, noticed his hair was grey, as if grey moths' wings had been brushing it all night long. In swift, appalling succession followed his father's death, Aunt Jane, and Doomington. He was at school for a time, and then Aunt Jane put him behind her counter. She seemed half iron. He could not help fancying that she kept her hair in place with five-inch nails, and gave her blouse the appearance of a ship's bulwark by an inner lining of sheeted iron. The iron under her boots clanked on the stone corridor between the shop and the kitchen. Iron for apples.

Doomington was one vast extension, in length and width and depth, of the blackness of "Calcutta." But there was no escape into orchards, no weeping of abandoned tears into the spilth of the petals. He could not and dared not put his nostalgia into words. Who would understand?

His bed was high in an attic overlooking a complex pattern of drab roofs and streets. It was here that his obsession became most intolerable. He would try to pierce beyond the swart veils at the city's edges to the green places, the trees in their ranks, to blossom, leaf, and fruit at their seasons. He remembered how he had cured himself of toothache by dogged determining it was cured. He remembered "Calcutta," how he had conjured the orchards into its darkness and extinguished it. He fastened his teeth close together and stared with intent eyes. But if

for a time he brought into being the beauty he desired, the reaction became the more poignant.

It was an evening in early autumn, and John at last was falling asleep after wretched hours, when moonlight, like a ghost whose face is dirty with crying, looked in upon him through the window and opened his eyes again. For some moments his mind was empty, and then a fiercer longing than he had ever known for the sight of opening buds, for the creak of boughs, for the plop of apples as the wind swung his orchard, flooded in upon him, engulfing him.

With a swift movement the lad rose from his bed, every feature and limb tense with his resolve. He knew that the great moment had come. He scraped his chair towards the open window and sat down. Both hands tightly grasped his knees. He looked out upon the roofs of houses, the high walls of factories gaunt in the moonlight. The chimneys soared like conquerors through the bleared levels of light. With the farthest chimney his mind came to a sharp halt. Minute after minute passed by, and his head remained like a stone, blank and firm.

He knew that brick and metal, warehouse, factory, and furnace, were becoming part of him, his bone and blood. The vision of orchards that had blinded him so long with tears—a thick fog was surging inwards upon it and expunging it from the world. Now one row of trees survived, now one forlorn branch, now nothing but a thick mist heaved and sank.

The lad rose from his chair and walked over to his bed with even steps. He fell asleep at once, and no dream disturbed him. With all the rest he awoke next morning when the chimneys hooted their summons.

Politics and Public Schools

By the Rev. Cyril Alington, D.D.

When a schoolmaster attempts a defence of any part of his work it is usually assumed that he is entirely content with it as a whole: it is hoped that readers of this article will avoid so erroneous an assumption. It is merely an attempt to repel some criticisms which appear to be based on inadequate information.

In the June number of The English Review there was published a very interesting article by Lord Raglan entitled "Politics and the Public Schools." With the general contention of that article there can be no ground for quarrel. No one is likely to maintain that the average British citizen, whether he comes from a public school or not, is in any danger of a surfeit of political knowledge, or of too close an acquaintance with political theory. Again, when Lord Raglan complains of the poor quality of most English speaking, his complaint will find an echo in the heart of anyone who has attended City dinners, political meetings, or school prize-givings, or indeed is a regular attendant at the average parochial service.

The severity of the disease is undeniable; it is, as usual, when prescriptions have to be made for its cure that the doctors begin to disagree, and there are several reasons why some of us would find it difficult to welcome the remedies which Lord Raglan proposes.

To a schoolmaster his argument appears to be vitiated at the outset by some very common but erroneous assumptions. In the first place, he assumes that it is the public schools which ought to provide the remedy. It is no doubt a compliment to those institutions that in the present day it is commonly held that their influence is so great and their sphere of interest so wide that there is no subject which they cannot profitably and legitimately handle, but (as Gilbert's Lord Chancellor said long ago)

> Although the compliment implied
> Inflates us with legitimate pride,
> It nevertheless can't be denied
> That it has its inconvenient side.

There is no modern headmaster who is not overwhelmed with schemes which, in the opinion of their promoters, are peculiarly calculated to appeal to boys; the causes are usually admirable, but the reasons why they are specially suitable to boyhood are frequently remote, and in any case their number is prohibitive. It is not long ago that an appeal was issued to the public schools to provide dogs to go to the South Pole; the assurance was given that any dog so presented would bear the name of the school that gave it, though the assurance that all dogs, by whomsoever given, would eventually be eaten was less attractive except to the most hardened punster. This is no doubt an extreme instance, but the common assumption underlying all such appeals is that boys have an unlimited amount of money and of interest to spare, and that the more widely their interests can be enlisted the happier and the better it will be for them. In point of fact, the ordinary boy's time is usually as completely filled as his pockets are empty; he is very generous when his sympathies are touched, but it is a mistake to suppose that there are not at most schools very frequent calls made upon him without extraneous appeals. In the same way, the calls upon his intellectual interests are very numerous; some, no doubt, are higher than others, and many boys, like their parents, are content with the lower type; but it is a fallacy to suppose that a whole range of new subjects can be added merely because they are in themselves desirable. Lord Raglan alludes, in a rather airy manner, to the "overcrowding of the syllabus," and on that point more will be said later; the immediate point is a different one. There are at all schools a number of boys who are keenly interested in intellectual subjects, and a larger number who are not; to introduce a new subject is often to widen the range of interest of those who are already keen, and to have no effect whatever on the ordinary boy. The worst of all games which require an "eye" is that the same boys tend to excel in them all, and Lord Raglan's suggestion would only introduce a new complication into the intellectual lives of those whose time is already amply, and not unsatisfactorily, filled.

But if the first assumption is erroneous, that this disease is one that should, and easily could, be cured at public

schools, the other mistake underlying Lord Raglan's article is still more fundamental and still more common: it is that schools are conservative institutions and that this fact is the main obstacle to any change. The origin of this belief is difficult to trace. No doubt many schoolmasters are stupid, and Mr. Bonar Law told us long ago that most stupid people are conservative; but there are few professions against whom that charge could not be brought, and the conservatism of business men, architects, solicitors, gardeners, farmers, and income tax collectors is at least as marked as that of schoolmasters. And when we turn from the individual to the institution it is amazing that anyone should be found to repeat as a commonplace so daring a paradox. If the public schools are compared with what they were a hundred years ago, it is enough to say that they would be almost unrecognisable, and that is a truism which no one would dispute; but it may be said that that period is too long. In that case let any man of middle age take the trouble to compare the curriculum at his own school with what it was when he was there himself, and if he is a fair-minded man he will, it is to be hoped, cease to utter this particular falsehood. To a schoolmaster who realises himself to be in too many cases a reed shaken by every blast of outside criticism, and who knows how often he has yielded against his better judgment, it is disconcerting, though gratifying, to be told that his main fault is the immovability of the oak. It is the simple fact that with the exception of the Church of England there is no institution in this country which has changed so vitally while yet retaining its identity.

The real objections to the inclusion of politics and oratory in the curriculum are much more solid than any mere disinclination to change on the part of schoolmasters. Let us take the smaller point first. It is a very attractive belief that the ordinary boy needs only a little training and practice to make him an efficient speaker, but the facts lend it little support. The working-class orators whom Lord Raglan contrasts with public schoolmen are no doubt efficient, but they had, as he says, constant practice, and it is difficult to overestimate what their audiences have suffered in the process. Again, the type of oratory which such practice tends to produce is not one which can be

unreservedly commended, and there is grave reason to fear that it is the only one which mere teaching will produce. The French are often held up to us as models in this respect, and the Englishman is no doubt ready to contrast unfavourably the halting utterance of the Mayor of his own town with the fluency of a Frenchman in a similar position; it is only when he has heard several Frenchmen deliver official orations that he begins to suspect that the speeches are fundamentally the same speech, and that speech the one which the rules of the game assign to that particular occasion.

The Americans, again, surpass us as speakers, but then (as the writer once heard a distinguished American declare) the *lues Americana* is a passion for making speeches or hearing other people make them, and the disease is not without its dangers, as any student of Transatlantic oratory knows. The average Englishman neither likes speaking nor listening to speeches, and it is useless to argue with so deep-rooted a national characteristic.

This is not to say that it is not desirable that he should know how "to say a few words," and especially how to keep them few. Bishop Creighton's advice to make sure of a decent ending and get there with reasonable speed is entirely wise and practical; but is there anything but failure which will teach its wisdom?

No, says Lord Raglan, and therefore let them practise at school; the argument seems sound, but he does not suggest how it is to be done. He sneers at school debating societies, but the reasons which he gives show imperfect acquaintance with his subject, and no well-wisher of his could desire that he should learn by long and bitter experience how dreary such debates can be. But they are dull, not because "a few boys gifted with a natural fluency or impudence do most of the talking," but because there are naturally very few subjects indeed on which boys know enough to hold forth at all. Let anyone endeavour to compile a list of subjects for debate suitable for the average boy of seventeen, and he will soon see why their proceedings lack variety. On a subject which they know, most boys, when they have once surmounted the first obstacle of shyness, can state their opinions forcibly and well, but it is at least doubtful whether they should be encouraged

to make moving speeches on themes of which they are fundamentally ignorant.

And here we come to Lord Raglan's second demand that they should be taught politics. It is difficult to be certain of his meaning. Most boys nowadays are taught something which (under the unpleasing name of Civics) gives them some acquaintance with the government of the country and its conditions; to say that a boy "is never encouraged to study the science of government" is to ignore the fact that every history teacher is continually trying to show him why Governments in this and other countries rise and fall and encouraging him to draw his own conclusions.

There is good reason to believe that this is the kind of political teaching which most parents would prefer to the direct teaching of the politics of the present day, to which the objections are sufficiently obvious. To say, as Lord Raglan does, that the reasons which deter schoolmasters from such a subject (apart from their innate conservatism) are ignorance, the fear of bad discipline, and the fact that it is not set in examinations, would be rude if it were not ridiculous. It is quite certain that Lord Raglan does not wish to be rude, but it is safe to say that no schoolmaster would write about (let us say) the present-day methods of the House of Lords with so inadequate an equipment. It is necessary, perhaps, to support this criticism with some definite instances. Lord Raglan urges that three types of textbook are badly needed and blames schoolmasters for their non-existence. Of these three books, the first, dealing with the British constitution and the details of local government, has been written by a schoolmaster (under the title *Elementary Civics*) and is at the present moment being offered by history specialists for examination at Eton, and no doubt elsewhere. The second, dealing with foreign constitutions, has been written by countless educationists (from ex-President Wilson downwards), for it is a subject taken by all historians, whether at Oxford or Cambridge. The third volume which he desiderates deals with leading statesmen, and it is enough to say that innumerable volumes exist, and are much used in schools, dealing with almost all modern statesmen from every angle and on every scale.

Again, Lord Raglan is anxious that boys should not "gallop through the pages of English history," but should be taught the history of special periods. It is difficult to deal patiently with a criticism which ignores the facts that such special periods are a feature of every historical examination.

But these detailed answers, though complete, are beside the point; the schoolmaster's main grievance against Lord Raglan is that the picture which he gives of the history taught in schools, while it may have been true five and twenty years ago, is absurdly false to-day. It is a travesty as a picture of a subject which has made more progress in that period than any other and is to innumerable boys the window through which they first obtain an intelligible view of the world in which they have to live.

It is only necessary to take a single instance, and it shall be the one which Lord Raglan himself chooses. He takes the Wars of the Roses as a subject of no possible value. No doubt this would be true if history were now taught as a chronicle of military achievement; but if he consults any good modern school history he will find the treatment very different. He will find that attention is concentrated on the position of that struggle as the break between modern and mediæval England, on the permanent danger of class selfishness which it reveals, and on the fact that in that century (as in some others in our history) the aristocracy cared more for themselves than for the country which they aspired to lead.

These are surely among the lessons which Lord Raglan would wish to see taught. It is just because his aims are so high and his objects so desirable that it is impossible not to regret that he has supported them by an attack on public schools which seems, to the prejudiced eye of a schoolmaster, all the more galling because it is so unconscious of offence and so innocent of the intention to offend. There are very many defects in a public school education, but it is not in fact the case that in these particular respects "the schoolmaster or his employers" (to use his rather unfortunate phrase) deserves such liberal blame.

Future of Broadcasting as a Social Force

By Rex F. Palmer, B.Sc.

(*Director of the London Broadcasting Station.*)

ALTHOUGH no one who has watched from behind the scenes the developments which have taken place in the art and science of broadcasting can fail to be deeply impressed by the limitless potentialities of this new and wonderful discovery, only a very bold man would venture to predict what may happen in the very near future. In his own country the prophet is generally without honour; and as the broadcaster is a citizen of a realm in which frontiers are unknown, it must be assumed he will have to face universal criticism.

Yet, standing, as we do, on the threshold of what cannot fail to be a wonderful era of scientific discovery and development, the temptation to assume the mantle and to prophesy—though not, perhaps, in very precise terms—is too strong to be resisted. Having seen from within what has happened in the course of a few short months, and having some knowledge of the scientific possibilities of broadcasting, it is more difficult to realise that there is any limitation to the future developments than to specify what the immediate improvements will be. One thing alone appears to be quite clearly established—namely, that the march of events will be very rapid, though in what direction the first advance will be made it is beyond the power of human intelligence or imagination to conceive.

Already, very great improvements have been made in what may be described as the technique of broadcasting, as every listener-in must fully realise. These improvements may be traced to two causes—the introduction of more perfect mechanical and electrical devices, and the increased skill of the operators of the transmitting and receiving instruments. Better mechanism is, undoubtedly,

a most important factor, but the skill of the individual is by no means a negligible term in the equation upon the solution of which the removal of the remaining broadcasting problems depends. It is not desirable—nor, indeed, is it possible—to venture an opinion as regards the relative importance of the two factors; but it is safe to predict that, as both are working in unison towards the end so much desired by each, the solution will not for very long remain undiscovered.

In view of what has been done, therefore—and taking the rate of progress in the past as the criterion by which future developments may be estimated—it does not require very much daring or imagination to predict that the day is not far distant when universal broadcasting will be a possibility. High mountains—to name but one natural obstacle which at present limits the range of the broadcaster—will no longer be barriers. Distance, as a limitation, will be eliminated. Atmospheric conditions will no longer affect transmission or reception. The broadcaster in London, or anywhere else, provided an adequate installation has been set up, will transmit to the remotest corners of the earth with the same certainty that is felt to-day by the operator of a wireless telegraph instrument.

All the initial difficulties have been triumphantly surmounted. The broad principles of the science have been mastered to such an extent that the relationship between cause and effect is understood—although there is no man living who will claim to know the why and wherefore of everything connected with the laws which govern wireless communication—and all that is now necessary, in order to ensure rapid and revolutionising progress, is, so to speak, a matter of technical detail. The best brains in the electrical world are engaged upon the finding of the desired solutions; and so any day an epoch-making discovery may be made, which will place broadcasting far beyond what many people now regard as its ultimate limit.

Some, at least, of the developments which are likely to take place in the immediate future may be enumerated as follows:—

(1) Simply as a means of communicating with innumerable people, improved devices will enable

the transmitter to cover a much wider area than that which is within his range at present; while the receiver, by adopting corresponding, or complementary, improvements will be able to hear much better and to derive more pleasure, or benefit, from listening-in at home.

(2) By the installation of a receiving set which will be inexpensive, listeners-in, no matter where they live, will have amusement, entertainment, and purely intellectual enjoyment brought into their homes. Broadcasting is not destined to be a means of providing nothing but light amusement, or even intellectual entertainment: for by far the most important part which it will play in the life of the people is that it will be a mighty force for social development. No home will be so remote that its occupants will have to remain cut off from the intellectual life of the day; and when what this really means is fully realised, no one can wonder that those who are closely connected with the revolution which is so silently taking place feel enthusiastic.

(3) The value of broadcasting as a means of spreading education has not yet been realised. There is no doubt that it is a medium through which certain subjects—such, for example, as languages—can be thoroughly and efficiently studied. The lines along which development in this direction is likely to take place need not be predicted as yet—though even to-day the study could begin—but it is quite evident that, with the transmitter as teacher and with the listener-in as pupil, the broadcast lesson to which written answers could be sent to a corrector by post, would be as valuable as the lessons which are given by any existing correspondence system.

(4) As a means of spreading information—for propaganda purposes, for making appeals, for calling public attention to matters of vital interest—nothing can be compared with the efficacy of the broadcast message. Written words may be eloquent—they can move to laughter and to tears—but they lack the magic appeal of the warm, palpitating human voice. Read a speech and hear it delivered,

read a play and see it acted, read a song and hear it sung. Comparison is unnecessary! Think of the magic effect of a stirring appeal from the lips of the man or woman who is responsible for the cause in question—during a great national crisis, for example. Who could resist the call to action? And it is only by being broadcast that such a clarion call can be sent on the wings of the wind into every home in the country.

So far, nothing in the nature of a prophecy has been made—all that has been said deals with developments which are well on the way, if not actually imminent. To-day, they must be regarded as the unrealised dreams of those who are working for the spread of broadcasting on sound and scientific lines; but to-morrow, as history counts time, they may be the commonplaces of realised achievement.

Their extent and nature, however, show that whatever is left undone, as regards the future of broadcasting, nothing can be tolerated which will endanger its utility as a national asset of almost inestimable value. Broadcasting must be saved from itself, as it were—for its very utility and its immense potentialities lay it open to abuse, if it is allowed to be exploited as a means of self-advancement by irresponsible individuals. No more need be said about the controversial side of the question, which is at present occupying the attention of so many people; but this word of warning is both timely and necessary.

But now for a concluding flight into the realms of pure speculation—though even these realms are not as remote as some sceptical people may at the moment imagine.

It is not too much to dream of the day when it will be possible to broadcast not only the words of the singer or speaker. The time may come, and it may not be so very far distant, when listeners-in will not only hear, but see—when, sitting by their own firesides, they will hear the song and see the singer, listen to the lecture or speech and see the lecturer or speaker, listen to the music of the band and see the players.

And akin to the development which will enable the distant listener-in to see is another—perhaps one which is even more remarkable and more remote. The time may

come when as a matter of course the listener-in will be able to transmit as well as to receive—to listen and to reply. This is, it must be admitted, a dream of dreams, but it may be realised. And when that time comes perfection in the science and art of broadcasting will have been attained.

Perhaps insurmountable technical obstacles in the way of such a development may occur to the mind of the listener-in of to-day who has not allowed imagination to play its part. It may be objected that if listeners-in could reply under the existing conditions chaos would be produced—and that the pandemonium which would reign would be such that, compared with it, the din around the Tower of Babel would seem like an oppressive silence. Even so, and granting that this is the case, the removal of the difficulties is not an impossibility, for surely the minds which could work out and systematise the principles involved in wireless communication will be able to find a solution of this problem when the need arises.

Probably when the time comes the transmitter and the listener-in will be able to see each other, and the operator at the central station will, therefore, be like the Speaker of the House of Commons. The listeners-in—will they be called simply "hearers"?—will have to catch the broadcaster's eye before they will be permitted to address the community, but when they have done so the central transmitter will, by moving a switch, be able to put the particular speaker into direct communication with every other listener-in.

Then, indeed, will international parliaments be possible. And, perchance, the brotherhood of man, that dream of the ages, may become a reality.

All this is, admittedly, a dream of the future for which a tolerant hearing is craved. But more unlikely dreams have materialised, and until this happens the pleasures of broadcasting, as it is possible to-day, are real enough to be very thoroughly enjoyed.

The 'Bus Driver and The Billiards

By L. de Giberne Sieveking

UNTIL they changed his hours, Mr. George Pebble used to be able to run his 'bus into the Company's garage at Hammersmith and have the whole evening to himself from nine o'clock onwards.

Those were his palmy days.

At ten minutes past nine the mechanics had pounced on his 'bus and were having an orgy of oil and black grease among its internal gadgets, and Mr. George Pebble was well on the road to his rooms over Chiswick Mall way to have a shave and a wash. At half-past nine he would come out into the street a new man, with a collar and tie on and a shining pair of boots, carrying himself jauntily. From his rooms the walk was not long to the "Holy Stone," whither he invariably went, evening after evening. It was a quiet riverside public-house. Here he found several old friends manœuvring the cracked balls about the faded, patchy cloth, and sending them with surprising skill into the crazy pockets. Soon, after the exchange of greeting, he would select his customary cue from the pile in the corner by the dusty hat-stand, and, taking down a piece of chalk from the ledge in the frame of the "Stag at Bay," solemnly chalk the tip of his cue. Night after night, peering through his great round spectacles, he bent over the billiard-table and judiciously eyed the situation. Then with great precision he would proceed to cannon and cannon and cannon again. Going into the pockets was not part of his game. He considered it waste of time to have to pick a ball out and start afresh from baulk. He had never seen a French billiard-table, or he would have realised that his ideal game was no unmaterialisable dream. When his break was finished he would stand by the fireplace and sip reflectively from his mug. Frequently his opponent was a certain greengrocer whose shop was round the corner, and when

this worthy man saw the position in which Pebble had left the balls for him, he would call to mind the fact that Pebble had played on this particular table for a year or more before he himself had discovered the " Holy Stone." Then he would remark bitterly,

" Well, if I don't score this toime, it's because *you* know the ways of this ridic'lous table—and 'ow to make the balls git in sich positions—which is more than I shall for years!"

Then he would play—and maybe retrieve his ball from the floor before the dog had time to swallow it.

" H'hm," said Mr. George Pebble, and stared dolefully at the two remaining balls.

" S'pose I'll have to use a pocket this time. *Whoi* don't you play fair, and leave me three to cannon with?"

His evenings passed quietly and pleasantly enough, and he was always well content with life as he walked briskly home by the river.

* * * * * *

And then the Company went and changed his hours.

No longer in the evenings was he able to sip the pewtered ale, and skilfully make cannon after cannon. No longer could he exchange the commonplaces of the day with agreeable companions who, like himself, had finished their toils, and relaxed their muscles into pleasant tiredness. Mr. George Pebble's life was spoiled—for who can play billiards in the morning when all the world is at work? Such leisure hours as were now his were worse than useless—they were a curse! Now midnight struck before he left the garage in Hammersmith; and with weary, resentful footsteps he clanked across the bridge to his little room and went disgruntledly to bed. What booted it to him that he need not rise till half-past ten on the morrow? He never slept after six o'clock. Then he would rise and, having made a lonely breakfast, mouch along the tow-path for an hour or so. One *could* talk to the bobby on the bridge or to the other along by the wharf . . . and also there were the casual bargemen and a tramp or two . . . but this was not like the old days.

Mr. George Pebble began to lose interest in life. He began to look neglected. Even though the morning hours, stretched before him in tapering perspective, he had not

sufficient interest to shave himself. Rather, he preferred to stand by the riverside contemplating the Infinite with a miserable disgust.

And all the while in his mind, at first half-unconsciously, he made miraculous cannons off a waggon on to a lamp-post. In his mind's eye he struck imaginary balls so that they cannoned with marvellous accuracy off the corners of houses on to passing horses' heads.

Many a morning the clock of a neighbouring church as it struck eleven woke the unfortunate man from a beautiful dream of a cannon most delicately aimed and judged off the parapet of Hammersmith Bridge on to the policeman's helmet, to an abrupt realisation of his immediate surroundings.

With resignation in his eye and the set of his mouth he would cross the river and enter the garage. Soon after, he would be driving his 'bus past the railings of Hyde Park with a kind of reproachful melancholy.

But even here, at length, his dreaming dogged him. The other cars and carriages amongst which he had to steer his way became for him so many balls on an infinitely extending table. With delicate precision he moved the steering wheel and, swerving round corners, shaved the tail-boards of tradesmen's vans. Once, just after the street lights had been lit, the motor 'bus was ploughing its way up the Euston Road. Opposite St. Pancras Station part of the road was under repair, and Mr. George Pebble only just caught sight of the red lamp that dangled from a stake in time to swerve aside and miss the hole with his front wheels. As they drew up alongside the pavement the conductor came and stood beneath him, beating himself with his arms and puffing the foggy air.

"Nearly went down that pocket, Bill!" observed Mr. Pebble to him, shaking his head. "Very nearly. Not my idee of the game, y'know—never use 'em. Waste of time!"

The conductor looked puzzled and went aft again to his post. As he pulled the bell strap he muttered to himself,

"Old George is getting mighty *queer* lately! I wonder what's come to him?"

* * * * * *

One night early in November Mr. Pebble drove his 'bus through Oxford Street with a dazed look in his eyes. He was going rather faster than usual, but this did not cause the conductor any uneasiness because he was driving with all his accustomed skill. All the same, when their off-side front mudguard clicked against the near-side mudguard of a taxi and came away with a "Ping!" he was not so sure that he liked it after all.

"Sure*lee* Old George ain't been boozing?" he mused as he clung to the hand-rail. "'E was never one for that gime!"

All went well until they got to the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Here, in the middle of the open space where the five streets meet, stood an "island" for foot passengers, in the middle of which was a high electric light standard.

Suddenly Mr. George Pebble's eye kindled with a strange light. He stood up in his seat, and took very careful aim with his steering wheel. Another motor 'bus was just coming out of Charing Cross Road. The policeman's hand was up. Mr. Pebble banged in his top gear and lifted his foot off the clutch for the last time.

As they struck the electric-light standard it quivered like a bull-rush stem, and he jerked the wheel round to the right. They caught the other 'bus slap in the centre of its radiator, and the two huge monsters went over together in a steaming, smoking mass.

From all around the cries of the injured rose with a clamour of amazement and pain. One of the 'buses burst into flames. A crowd of many hundreds collected and blocked the streets in all directions.

As they lifted his mangled and broken remains out of the wreckage there was a look of wild triumph in Mr. George Pebble's eye.

"Eh?" said the policeman, bending over the ambulance.

"A *magnificent* cannon!" cried Mr. Peeble in a weak voice. "And beautifully judged, though I say it meself!"

The policeman tapped his forehead.

National Pride

By V. A. Malcolmson

No shame attaches to those who hold that the British race is the salt of the earth, no shame attaches to those who wish to see British civilisation predominant throughout the world, nor to those who hold that we " descend to meet " when we attempt to reconcile British aims and ideals with those of other nations. We do not raise our outlook to a higher plane when we whittle it down in conformity with cosmopolitan ideas. International thought is necessarily " below proof," for it represents at best the " average " thought and lies approximately half-way between the highest and the lowest. Among those who have learnt to appreciate the difference between Right and Wrong, between Just and Unjust, there is an overwhelming volume of opinion in favour of the Right and the Just, and the higher the standard of integrity and morality prevailing in a nation, the loftier the aims of its people. There is an insistent appeal to the British race to " think well " of that race, and the doctrine that we are all brethren should only be applied in the Christian sense—that we should do to others as we would that they should do to us. Pride in the nation of one's birth is a valuable asset all the world over. We should all sympathise with and appreciate the national self-consciousness which prompted the Christian community of an African state to erect a Calvary, the Christ being portrayed as a black figure.

There should be little sympathy with those who are always ready to extol the virtues of every people but their own, while every effort should be made to arouse and stimulate a wholesome national self-consciousness.

There is in the United Kingdom no lack of provincial self-consciousness; from Somerset to Thurso, from Galway to Hull, there lives a conscious pride in language or dialect, and in the Highlands of Scotland there still lingers the pride in a national dress.

Pride in birth and history is a more vital force amongst those peoples who lean rather upon tradition than on edu-

cation for their national consciousness, and thus it is that, in the United Kingdom, its vitality is more evident among the Celts of the North and West than among the Saxons of the South and East. It is, however, a worthy pride, capable of encouragement and development. Secondary only to the teaching of history as a fostering factor, is the encouragement of native tongues and dialects, native arts and the native dress.

In recognition of the value of national consciousness, the Irish leaders have of late years vigorously fostered the use of their native tongue through the agency of the Gaelic League, and in Scotland the Gaelic Society has kept alive tradition by fostering the language, music and dress of the Highlands.

Atavism and hero-worship are important factors in national pride, and their influence is reflected in the mentality of ancient races of the purest descent. Saxon England is sadly lacking in such association, and in the eyes of the Celt has no history worth remembering. No national heroes, ante-dating the eleventh century, still breathe as a living force in the memory of its people, while the national heroes of the Celtic race ante-date the incursions of the Picts and Scots in the fourth century, and its peoples proudly trace their descent from the almost mythical heroes who fought in the siege of Troy, 3,000 years ago.

The teaching of history, etymology, geography and religion, loyalty to the Crown as the impersonation of the national spirit, the fostering of music of a truly national character, all these aids to the creation of a national spirit are to be found in prominent operation amongst the peoples living in a plane of civilisation less advanced than our own —in China, India, Japan and, until recent years, in Russia.

In the United Kingdom tradition still holds its sway, though only within the Celtic fringe, the North and West of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Cornwall, but there is a little corner in the far west of France which clings tenaciously to the same traditions and owes its inspiration to the same origin. Brittany may be compared with Ireland in that, although a part of France, it is not hereditarily " of " France. There is nothing derogatory, indeed there is a sturdy inspiration in the title " Sinn Fein," and the spirit which it embodies must not be judged by the excesses of its

votaries. In Ireland we find the Sinn Fein of truculence and rebellion, in Brittany we find that of calm self-confidence and peaceful economic development. There is a close analogy between the history of the two peoples, except that Ireland never came under the chastening and civilising influence of the Roman legions.

Brittany, then known as Armorica, was peopled in the fifth century by British refugees, flying from the persecutions of the Picts and Scots, and later from those of the Saxons, whose domination was not less brutal than that of their less civilised precursors. Armorica became " Lesser Britain " in fact, as well as in spirit, tradition and tongue, its language being identical with that spoken in Wales and Cornwall: it is still Celtic to-day and preserves the best elements of its Celtic ancestry.

Brittany owes its conversion to Christianity to British and Irish missionaries and, in spite of a thousand years of persecution, secular and religious, it remains a Catholic country to-day. Its history, from the fifth century onwards, is one long agony of oppression and bloodshed, calculated to crush its independence of spirit and its national self-consciousness; and, even so recently as 1901, Waldeck Rousseau issued an order to the bishops and clergy of Lower Brittany forbidding them to preach in the native tongue under penalty of a withdrawal of their stipends. To their credit, this order has not been generally obeyed, and Breton remains the language of the people.

Not only in their tongue and their religion have the Bretons maintained their national integrity, but also in their outlook on life, their character and their dress. In a recent article in the *Debats* discussing the problem of the stationary population of France, it is pointed out that Vendée, in Brittany, furnishes the highest birth-rate, and comments on the contributory factor that in this province " the moral, traditional and religious " elements exercise a living influence on the people.

However, the symbols of national individuality most patent to the traveller are the charm and neatness of the dress. In a leisured journey westward from Morlaix, by Landivisiau and Landerneau to Plougastel, by Dàoulos Le Fàou to Crozon and on by Chateaulin to Douarnenez and Quimper, he will appreciate to the full the wholesome

charm of a people that is proud of its history, clings tenaciously to its traditions and its faith, and practises in self-respect the doctrines of honest toil, chastity and self-reliance which still remain as living factors in the lives of the people in spite—or perhaps in consequence—of a thousand years of persecution.

The outward and visible signs of self-respect are cleanliness and neatness in appearance, and the Breton people are second to none in their adherence to these virtues. Black and white are the prevailing features, the women in short skirts of simple black material with bodices of the same and perhaps black velveteen puffs to the sleeves, which extend to the wrists: a small white apron of hemstitched linen extending to the knees, some with simple lace insertion or gophered frill; but the feature that adds most to the charm and enhances the beauty of the wearer, is the neat little bonnet of white linen, which varies in design according to the special fancy of the district, and is often relieved by a little band of colour above the forehead.

The whole effect is fascinating, and the English traveller is impressed by its contrast to that of the average rural worker in England—drab, slatternly, a skirt trailing to the ankles and bearing evidence of better days in a higher social sphere: a hat of nondescript shape with bedraggled plume which in bygone time may have adorned the headdress of a duchess, but from which all trace of beauty has long since departed. Such is the type of woman to be seen in many of our country villages, and the man, to whom any garb from a second-hand clothes shop is acceptable, so long as it will cover his head, his body and his feet, would gain materially in self-respect were he again to adopt the old English smock and wideawake, clean and full of character, which were good enough for his forebears.

The Breton wears a short black tunic to the waist, a bright waistcoat or sash round the loins, and a black plush hat, as efficient as a protection against the sun in summer as against the winter storms of this bleak land. He looks every inch a gentleman, while the sturdy self-reliance of his race has banished penury, and a not too lavish Nature yields to his ungrudging toil sufficient to supply his simple needs and to rear a healthy family in comfort and contentment.

The traveller may pursue his journey viâ Concarneau, Quimperlè and Hennebont to the promontory of Quiberon, the scene of the revolutionary massacre organised by Hoche in July, 1795. He will then visit Carnac, a scene of inspiration almost unequalled in Europe, for here, and in the immediate neighbourhood, may be seen some miles of massive stones, erect and prostrate, menhirs, dolmen and leches, a permanent memorial to the life and death of a prehistoric civilisation.

From Auray to Vannes, by La Roche Bernard and Pontchateau to Nantes, we breathe the same wholesome and invigorating atmosphere which only begins to fail us when we have left Vendée behind or crossed into Maine or Mayenne.

Would it were possible that here in England we might get into closer touch with England's past, and give more outward recognition in our demeanour and our dress to the proud traditions of our race.

The Centenary of Sir John Moore

By Charles Whibley

No better place could have been found for Mr. John Tweed's noble statue of Sir John Moore than the plain at Shorncliffe, which bears his name, the plain where he trained the 43rd, the 52nd, and the Rifle Brigade. If the place is rightly chosen, just is it also that England should pay what honour she can to the wise man and gallant soldier who was Sir John Moore. That he has escaped the oblivion which has engulfed some of his comrades is due to his lofty character and his keen sense of public service, as much as to the crowning victory of Corunna. But wayward is the memory of man, and it is well that future generations should be reminded by this fitting memorial of a soldier who was akin to the heroes of ancient times, and who gave his life to his country, ungrudgingly and to high purpose.

John Moore was a born soldier. He could not otherwise have expressed the genius that was within him. He never wavered in the choice of a profession. When he was fourteen, Joseph II. offered him a chance of rapid promotion in the Austrian Army, if he would accept a commission. The brilliant offer did not dazzle him. Young as he was, he already cherished the ambition of "thrashing the Monsieurs," and his fate was secure when at fifteen he obtained an ensigncy in the 51st Regiment, stationed at Minorca. He saw service in many lands, in America and Corsica, in the West Indies and in Ireland, and everywhere gained the esteem of his fellows, an esteem which a brief interlude of politics did not lessen. "Everyone admires and loves him," wrote Brownrigg, the Duke of York's military secretary, to Moore's father in 1799, "and you may boast of having as your son the most amiable man and the best general in the British Service. This is

Statue of Sir John Moore. By John Tweed.

To face p. 224.

a universal opinion, and does not proceed from my partiality alone."

Wherever he went success kept close to him, like his shadow. In Egypt he completed the work of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and escorted a French Army, armed and equipped, in number twice as large as his own, to the sea. Not even the Peace of Amiens forced him to an unwelcome idleness. He devoted his leisure, at Shorncliffe, to the making of an army. To this achievement Sir William Napier bears eloquent testimony. "To awaken the faculties of those under him," he writes, "by inspiring and teaching was one of Sir John Moore's qualifications for command. At Shorncliffe Camp he devised such improvements in drill, discipline, dress, arms, formation, and movements, as would have placed him for military reforms beside the Athenian Iphicrates, if he had not the greater glory of dying like the Spartan Brasidas." General Colborne fell not an inch below Sir William Napier in eulogy. "It is not easy," said he, "to appreciate the positive benefits derived from the talents and exertions of Sir John Moore. Repeatedly in the face of danger he animated his countrymen by his example, and led them on to victory; yet conspicuous as were his services in the act of combat, they were surpassed in ability by the effect of instructions and superintendence, in the hour of preparation for active warfare." Thus spoke a loyal friend and colleague, who confessed that in 1809 Sir Arthur Wellesley was then pursuing the French with troops essentially improved at least, if not formed, by Moore.

The story of Corunna has been told many times, and is familiar to all. Sir John Moore's courage and example animated his army. For everyone he had a word, and the right word. To these he shouted, "Well done, the 50th! Well done, my Majors!" To those he called aloud, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" He was at once the active force and inspiration of the battle. When he died, it seemed suddenly a lifeless, disordered thing. "With exultant applause," says Charles Napier, "he gave instant orders to support the impetuous counter-stroke. Had those orders been obeyed, Soult's army would have been lost; but just then the heroic Moore fell, and error followed when the presiding spirit was gone." When the news came home

there was controversy and detraction, and there has been controversy ever since. Yet in the presence of Moore's last fight, we should all be content not to discuss but to admire. Whether or not the retreat upon Corunna is the most brilliant stroke of war of all time, it certainly yields to none in the essentials of drama and passion. It is at once a lofty and a tragic episode. In the grandeur of the commander, we cannot wholly forget the soldiers, who, clamouring to attack, disgraced the retreat. Even for them the great victory claims pardon. And though Sir John Moore died at the moment of triumph, he died in the full knowledge that Soult's army was defeated, and that the salvation of Spain was still possible. "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" These were among the last words uttered by the dying Moore. The statue at Shorncliffe is the clearest answer which England can give.

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker (iii)

By Henry Arthur Jones

The Moral and Spiritual Cause

MR. SHAW arraigns all past and present civilisations because none of them has provided that more than one in ten of its population shall be assured of daily bread for more than a year. We have seen that there is a very obvious and permanent material cause for this deplorable and perennial condition of mankind. Mr. Shaw ascribes it entirely to a moral and spiritual cause upon which he saddles all the blame. We shall presently see that this moral and spiritual cause, so far as it is operative, is interlocked with the material cause.

We will proceed to examine it. Mr. Shaw asserts that this perennial precariousness of livelihood and risk of starvation has been due to the "*bufflehcadedness of those citizens who, having leisure and education for social criticism, remain the same dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses, and let themselves be persuaded that Capitalist Laws lead straight to an Earthly Paradise, and that Communal ones must land them in (my own words) 'a filthy bog of misery, disease, starvation and despair'.*"

Either the process which Mr. Shaw describes in the above words is very obscure and elusory, or Mr. Shaw has written a very obscure, elusory, careless, and inconsequent sentence. In "My Dear Wells," I constructed a Wellsometer to gauge Mr. Wells' capacity to think for other people. I am now constructing a Shawometer to gauge Mr. Shaw's capacity to think for other people. I daresay he knows what he means by the above sentence. I daresay he has formed some more or less clear conception of how this deplorable and perennial yearly average of citizens, cruelly defrauded of bread made from corn that has not yet been grown, is connected with the deplorable and perennial buffleheadedness of a certain other class of citizens, which he alleges is the cause of the scarcity of daily bread, and consequently of the rottenness of all civilisation.

I will underline and emphasise the sentence, as an example of Mr. Shaw's "thinking"; of his literary style;

of his tone and temper in dealing with a serious social problem; of his method of stating it; of his manner of handling it. In these regards, let us read it over carefully again and again. We shall perhaps be better able to clear it from ambiguity, if we break it into short paraphrases. As a correct, or even credible summary of the reasons for defects in our civilisation, Mr. Shaw's sentence is a grotesque imbroglio. As the utterance of a man who still has some credit with non-thinkers, and is using that credit to assist in the destruction of the British Empire, I will put the sentence to a serious scrutiny.

Mr. Shaw says:—

Nations rapidly rise to a plutocratic pseudo-prosperity. This enables them to form a class who have leisure and education for social criticism. But this leisured, educated class, either from selfish design or from congenital misfortune, remain buffleheaded. Being in this condition, it is clear they cannot have any great capacity for dealing with social problems. But Mr. Shaw assumes that they have a capacity for dealing with social problems. Being hampered with this buffleheadedness, they might be entreated to leave social problems alone, for they are surely likely to make a great mess of them. But Mr. Shaw insists that in spite of their buffleheadedness, they can and ought to deal with social problems. However, in spite of Mr. Shaw's opinion, they are wise enough, or ignorant enough, or selfish enough, not to deal with social problems. Whether from sheer obstinacy, or by decree of fate, they remain the same dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses. They do not attempt to arrange things so that annual harvests shall not be annually grown and annually eaten up, and so that by this blessed defeat of Nature's rigorous law, more than one in ten of the population shall be assured of daily bread for more than a year.

Further, according to Mr. Shaw, their buffleheadedness allows somebody or the other to persuade them that Capitalist Laws lead straight to an Earthly Paradise. In this matter, their buffleheadedness is magnified into balmy imbecility. Has anyone who is possessed of the least common-sense, some experience of life, and some knowledge of history, ever imagined that under Capitalist Laws, or under any other laws, this actual world wherein we

live can ever, by any means, be transformed into anything approaching an Earthly Paradise? Or that, for many generations to come, it can be very different from the world we know, the same world that every one of its past billions of inhabitants has known, a place where men have wrung some measure of happiness and content out of an incessant struggle with the harsh conditions which Nature imposes upon the majority of them?

Does not much of our present social unrest and revolt arise from the fact that an Earthly Paradise has been promised to our working classes by means of the abolition of Capitalist Laws? Is it not every day becoming more plain that the abolition of Capitalist Laws, in the measure that it is successful, leads not to an Earthly Paradise but to an Earthly Hell, leaving a larger and angrier mob in rebellion against the irrevocable decree of Nature that harvests shall be annually grown and annually eaten?

Here a side road leads us to a full discussion of Capitalist Laws. I put up a signpost leading in that direction and will return to this point to show Mr. Shaw that, as Capitalist Laws have been enacted and have governed every one of the diverse civilisations that have flourished on this planet, so Capitalist Laws will be the inevitable established code in any future civilisation that may be built on the ruins of the present one.

I think I have disposed of Mr. Shaw's accusation against these dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses, that they have allowed somebody or other to persuade them that Capitalist Laws lead straight to an Earthly Paradise, in spite of very plain evidence to the contrary, and in spite of further overwhelming evidence that no laws of any kind will ever lead mankind to any other place than this actual world, where they are toiling and struggling and suffering, and are in the meantime getting some satisfaction and happiness out of it all, and this in the measure that they adapt themselves to such of Nature's conditions as are irremediable, and do not allow Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells to persuade them to be in constant rebellion against immutable laws, including the certainty that harvests will be annually grown and annually eaten.

But Mr. Shaw makes a further charge against these dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses, who, according to him, have wrecked every past civilisation, first by being buffle-

headed, and then by refraining from tackling social problems in their buffleheaded condition. Thus it is that, by evading responsibilities of which they do not appear to be conscious, and which, according to Mr. Shaw's own showing, they were not in a fit state to fulfil—thus it is that they have caused nations to hurry to their decline and downfall, and thus it is that through all the past ages the world has never yet been once arranged according to Mr. Shaw's notions of how it ought to be arranged.

Mr. Shaw's further charge against these dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses is "*that they have allowed themselves to be persuaded that communal laws must land them in a filthy bog of misery, disease, starvation, and despair.*" I ask Mr. Shaw, to what other goal do communal laws lead mankind? I used the words "filthy bog of misery, disease, starvation, and despair," to describe the present condition of Russia. Is that not an accurate, if quite feeble, picture of that country? * The effects of the War would have been mitigated by this time if it had not been for the enforcement of communal laws. But the anarchy and destitution have been progressive and accumulative in proportion as communal laws have been enforced; and without outside help from Capitalism will perpetuate themselves in more hideous ruin and chaos. What else but communal laws have blasted and havocked that Continent, and mangled all humanity in its stenchy mire? There is not a starving idiot child in Russia that does not grin and gibber at Mr. Shaw in its death croaks. There is not a famishing Russian but salutes him as an accessory to the devastation of his country. Yet these dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses are buffleheaded enough to believe the evidence of their own senses, attested as it is on Truth's own scroll, written in her own hand in the blood of millions of Russians who have perished from communal laws.

Where else do communal laws lead but to a filthy bog of misery, disease, starvation and despair? Towards this inevitable goal march all the peoples, in the measure that they abolish capitalist laws and establish communal laws. Russia is the only country that has yet been given

* Read the series of papers on Russian conditions now appearing in *The Times*, mid-June, 1923. What further mountains of evidence do we need as to the result of Communist laws?

over to Communist administration. But communal laws, as opposed to capitalist laws, are working towards the same end wherever they have been enacted in any country. Behold them everywhere pushing their victims towards the Russian destiny. Witness our own Socialistic legislation since the War. Witness all forms of Communism, Collectivism, Socialism, bringing the same evil results in the measure that they are put into practice. Witness them defeated in every one of the small communities that from time to time have withdrawn from mankind to found a snug little heaven below, where they might be free from envy and competition and the vices and diseases of Capitalism. Witness Socialism pauperising our ratepayers, defrauding our workers of house accommodation, and disorganising our municipal and national finance. 'Fore Gad, they are all in a tale!

Yet large numbers of our working men are still persuading themselves that communal laws will lead them to an Earthly Paradise. A few months ago I joined a group of bricklayers and plasterers at their midday dinner. I love working men—the working part of them. My son, since he was demobilised, has been working as a navvy at sixteenpence an hour. I learn with great pride that he has done it thoroughly and well. Before I was thirteen I generally worked fifteen to sixteen hours a day, and seventeen on Saturday. I had, I suppose, a much rougher time than Mr. Wells, but I did not burn down my employer's shop.*

I talked with these labourers. A stout-built fellow, with brawny legs in yellow corduroys, and iron arms in rolled-up shirt sleeves, told me that they wanted to work longer hours, but that their Unions would not allow them. I spoke about Russian Communism. My brawny friend listened with respect, but was evidently unconvinced. When I ceased, he remarked: "That's all my eye, guv'nor. You give 'em time, I tell you, that's going to be a grand success in Russia."

On my last visit to New York, I sat next at dinner to a leading American statesman. We also spoke about Russian Communism. He finished our talk by the curt, dry comment: "What a mad world it is!"

* "I would have set fire to that place" (his employer's shop), "if I had not been convinced that it was over-insured."—Mr. H. G. Wells, *Russia in the Shadows.*

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Zionism

Commissionaire Sergeant Murphy had taken his usual seat in the corner of the bar parlour of the Hare and Hounds, Mitcham. On the table close by was a tankard of ale; in his mouth a short, black pipe; and on his knees a daily newspaper, which he consulted from time to time.

"What's this 'ere Zionism, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle, the landlord. "There's a lot of talk about it in the papers. Something to do with the Jews, I reckon."

"It is," said the Sergeant. "It's what a lot o' people would like to do with them. Wait a bit an' I'll tell ye." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and laid it on the table.

"Zionism," he went on, "is the theery that the Jew is tired of living with and on Gentiles like you and me, Heddle, and asks no more thin to be allowed to go back to the Land of Noses where he belongs. For nearly two thousand years he's been wandherin' about, visiting Russia, and New York, and England, Ireland—and not Scotland—and Maidenhead, and Brighton, and other places of intherest, ginerally compound; but he's had enough of it, and his heart craves for the land of his forefathers, as far as the same may be ascertained.

"That's the theery, Heddle, but it always makes me think of the coons on the stage that are always singing about wantin' to go back to Dixie. Wan of them has been singin' it for ten years, to my knowledge, but he's still dhrawin' his week's wages in Threasury notes, and the only reason that keeps him away from Dixie is that he doesn't want to go there.

"It's the same with the Jews an' Palestine. Rosenberg wondhers why Cohen doesn't sell his jeweller's shop in the Borough, and take the 2.45 from Blackfriars and all the

little Cohens, eight of them, numbering off from the right, to where their fathers fought and bled the Philistines, at probably twinty per cent. per month on their own note of hand.

"Cohen thinks that if Rosenberg were a Yiddisher of the bulldog breed, he'd give up the fur thrade, and start a colony of Rosenbergs in the desert, where their ancestors lived on mammon for forty years.

"But Cohen's just bought a house in Maida Vale on a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years' lease, an' can't very well budge till it has expired, and Rosenberg says a sandy soil isn't a bit of good for a man suffering from chronic heart-burn, an' until Palestine's as near as the Isle of Man an' fitted with all modern improvements, including a tape-machine, nayther of thim is likely to see it."

"What I want to know," asked Heddle, "is, Where do we come in?"

"We—we're the instigators and conthrivers," said the sergeant. "Didn't we promise Palestine to the Jews to have an' to hold? We had a promising lot of lads in the Government at the time, and they were fixin' the terms of a stable worruld peace, and they run against Palestine on the map.

"'Palestine,' says one. 'Not a bit of good to us. There isn't a golf-course in the whole area.'

"'Why not give it to the Jews?' says another. 'With a bit of luck we might get thim to go there.' So they give it thim. An' it was only whin the war was over that the rale owner, the Arab, the noble son of the desert, dressed in wan sheet and a spear, came forward to make throuble.

"By that time the Jews were pouring in from all quarters—of Russia an' Roumania—and they kept pourin' in until there was nearly as many as you'd see at the football match between the Gasworks and Merton Invicta.

"So we sint an army to protict them from the rapacious owner of the land, and officials to register thim for unemployed pay, and money to provide thim with the luxuries to which they were unaccustomed——"

"Who pays for all that?" asked Heddle.

"We do, you do, I do—sure, aren't we proud to restore the Jew to his native home? You're just as proud as I am meself, Heddle."

"If I thought they were all going, I might——" began the landlord.

"I'll tell ye," said Sergeant Murphy. "I met Reuben Bronstein this morning. He's in the di'mond thrade in Hatton Garden.

"'Do ye know anything about Zionism, Mr. Bronstein?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'What race is it running in?'"

The Maiden's Song

By Eva Dobell

THE wind of April blows,
And Spring flings wide her gates.
Where hawthorn-buds unclose
The crooning wood-dove mates.
Pure as a folded rose
The girl's heart dreams and waits.

There comes a secret word
And knocks upon the heart.
With wak'ning wonder stirred
The close-furled petals start.
O heart, what hast thou heard,
Withdrawn in dreams apart?

"O Life, what wilt thou bring
From out thy golden store?
The promise of the Spring
Fulfilling more and more?
What sweet and secret thing
Shines through thy op'ning door?"

On Returning to the Country

By E. L. Grant Watson

OFTEN when returning from town to country I have become each time newly aware of what we vaguely call nature, which consists for the most part of the beauty of vegetation. In England we seldom see *wild* nature, and have learnt to look for encouragement and satisfaction to the half-tamed fields and copses. No man who has seen the veldt, the desert, or the jungle could consider these hills and valleys of southern England, which we call "the country," in any sense wild. This land is deeply sophisticated. It has borne for too many generations the imprint of the Iron Age. Sometimes I try to imagine the palæolithic Britain: a forest of low-growing trees and undergrowth more or less continuous from sea to sea. From Salisbury Plain to Beachy Head the South Downs raised their grassy slopes clear of the forest, and further north the North Downs in billowy uplands were interspersed with beech groves and with grass-clad knolls. There were wild beasts roaming over the great forests of the plains, and the few men of that early age could only keep a foothold for life upon the bare crests of the chalk hills. Yet even at that time there were features in common with what we see now. Strands of honeysuckle doubtless hung down from the dark branches of trees, as they now hang, in thin and trailing wisps. Hawthorn, elder, and blackthorn jostled each other in thickets, interspersed with blackberry. Bracken fronds pushed their way upward and uncurled where the blue hyacinths were withering. Bugle spread where the ground was thin and poor, and in amongst the purple spikes of the bugle there were white flowers of strawberries and yellow flowers of potentilla. In these ways, in the small details of her growth, Nature has not changed, though upon the face of the landscape man has set his mark.

No one who has seen the veldt, the jungle, or the desert can doubt that in all the years of cultivation which have gone to make the English country what it is, man has

given to Nature an added beauty, a more intimate charm. The patchwork quilt of woods and fields possesses both human and natural qualities. Here is a beauty drawn from the reservoir of universal life and flowing outwards from the hearts of men. The gift has been given and returned. In the sophisticated mildness of the English landscape, in the trimmed woods and copses, yes, and even in the gardens, is to be discovered, in form of flower or tree, a symbol of limitless and eternal power. We have but to ask and to receive. Not only in vegetation, but in the lives and qualities of animals is plain for us that simple and sufficient truth. In the song of birds before dawn; in the leap of a squirrel; the shy rustlings of mice among dead leaves; in the gliding of a snake; in all natural form and movement there are intimations of an eternal wonder.

In London, and in all great modern cities, this surprise and wonder that we meet in the woods is lacking, or, if it is not altogether lacking, we do not often see it. In men and women this quality, which is revealed in unconscious Nature, should certainly be present. No doubt it is present, but we do not see it because of the etceteras and the irrelevancies. London is full of irrelevancies, full of individual expressions, which have an end in themselves, dead-ends, dead fruit, withered already. . . . So it would seem, superficially; and that is why our superficial glance sees them as irrelevant. They are no more irrelevant than flowers or birds. Life, in any of its forms, can never be an end in itself. It can never be satisfied with itself, but desires always to escape beyond. We look for short-cuts, and, because of our superficial glance, find it easier to see the significance of a flower than we find it to see the significance of a man. In the weakness of our capacity we turn to Nature rather than find in humanity our freedom.

There are naturalists and poets enough that love the country, who express their delight in the easy paths which beguiled the footsteps of prehistoric men. I want to find a naturalist who can see men and women, not individually, but as a poet sees Nature, in a general and universal way. I want to find the naturalist who will see human lives as an expression of what is *beyond* life, who will see men not as individuals, but as something greater than individuals.

The Failure of the Panel System and the Remedy

By Alexander Blackhall-Morison, M.D., F.R.C.P.

During the present year the Press, both lay and medical, has frequently dealt with the so-called panel system, that is, with insurance medical practice under the National Health Insurance Acts, and with unfortunate incidents which have occasionally marked its career. The panel consists of those members of the medical profession who have agreed to give "general practitioner service" under the Medical Benefit Section for an agreed remuneration, and have accepted certain conditions which have prevented many others from participating in working the Act. The capitation fee for each insured person, by arrangement with the Government, stands now at nine shillings and sixpence. This arrangement comes to an end on December 31st, 1923, when there is, or was, a possibility of its reduction to seven shillings. In view of this, there has been some perturbation among the practitioners affected, and conferences have been held to determine their attitude, should the reduction be actually made.

It was the general belief until recently that not only the question of remuneration, but also many other questions in connection with the panel system would be reconsidered this year. It was also thought that new conditions might perhaps be introduced rendering possible the entry into the service of a large section of the profession hitherto standing aloof. This section recognised that certain principles and conditions had brought the profession of medicine to a degree of efficiency which attracted the cupidity of Socialistic political elements when the Medical Benefit Section was added to the National Health Insurance Acts.

Once instituted, that appetite which comes of eating opened up the prospect of a general State medical service. The hospitals which had arisen for ministration to the poor, where the gratuitous service of the best medical brains in

the country was given to these, became the envy of those who could not be placed in that category, and who found payment for modern medical and surgical investigation and treatment burdensome. Compulsory health measures, like compulsory education, then became the aim of politicians, and schemes for their universal imposition entered the dreams of those who founded the Ministry of Health, and claimed a monopoly of philanthropic aspiration.

The economic situation brought about by the expenditure involved in prosecuting the war has, so far, prevented the attempt to impose the full measure of compulsory health legislation dear to the socialistic mind, which easily passes from the acquisition of acres and material industries to that of any other desirable possession.

Conditions which have promoted the growth of medicine and the successful practice of it having been ignored by those who instituted control of that calling, it is not surprising that a system built on such error should have proved a failure. It was hoped that this year the whole matter might have been revised and that a reconstituted national health system might have been devised for persons of small means, and placed upon a basis which would be satisfactory and permit of the whole profession taking part in its working.

On April 18th last, however, the Minister of Health, in reply to Mr. Trevelyan Thomson, who asked a question regarding inquiry into the working of the Medical Benefit Section of the National Health Insurance Acts, announced that to make any general rearrangement of the service was not now contemplated.

Whether this decision be satisfactory to those who have already taken service under this section or not, it certainly does not meet with the approval of that very considerable body in the profession who have not accepted such service, and whose opposition will remain unimpaired until radical changes have been effected, and, with their opposition, their abstention from participation in the care of insured persons. Even among those who are on the panel, however, there are many who are far from happy in their position of what may, without any desire to be offensive, be termed professional servitude, and who do not hesitate to say so, yet, for economic or other reasons, find it difficult

to free themselves. This acknowledged discontent is without doubt one of the causes of the failure of the panel system, and the chief of these causes is perhaps the official control of the duly qualified practitioner of medicine.

One need not indulge in the abuse so frequently hurled at the panel practitioner, to insist upon a change in the present system in the interest of insured persons. None know better than the leaders of the panel practitioners themselves that there are those among them who, from their negligence, are a danger to the system which they desire nevertheless to perpetuate. They are a product of the present system, which inevitably attracted many whose efforts in the pre-panel conditions of free competition had probably, for sufficient reasons, not been too well rewarded. In every walk of our professional life there are those who are unworthy to bear the serpent-rod of Æsculapius, but some of the dangers both to the public and the profession in the panel system, as at present constituted, are clearly recognised and openly commented upon by both panel and non-panel doctors, and should be recognised also by those in a position to influence legislation and removed in the public interest.

The Supplement to the *British Medical Journal*, which contains the Annual Report of the Council, also reports a meeting of the Cheshire Panel Committee held at Liverpool on March 11th last, under the chairmanship of Dr. Marsh, of Macclesfield, which was addressed by the Chairman of the National Health Insurance Committee of the Association—Dr. Brackenbury—on the burning question of a reduction of the capitation grant for 1924, and most panel disputes are financial. The whole of the proceedings of this meeting were instructive to those desirous of prompting inquiry into and change in the conditions of medical benefit, in the interest both of medicine and of insured persons. The panel practitioner must rigidly exclude all elements of special practice from his work, and Dr. Brackenbury modestly regards his possession of an income, from 2,500 possible patients, of nearly £1,700 a year as an "economic right." Dr. Brackenbury, however, admits that the panel patient's free choice of a doctor is, at present, a very qualified liberty, and that there are also other grievances of the insured which require correction.

The Chairman of the meeting—Dr. Marsh—on the other hand, galled by the official control of the panel service, had also some illuminative remarks on the lack of professional freedom. It is indeed astounding that any self-respecting body of members of a so-called liberal profession should have submitted for ten long years to such restriction, and that they should be apparently willing to continue this submission, provided the capitation grant be not further reduced. For such obedience, with its associated discontent, the insured person will, however, pay more dearly than in money. "The drawback to the service," Dr. Marsh valiantly exclaims, "is the certification and the inquisition." "Medical men," he asserts, "ought to be trusted to do their work in their own way, and not be supervised like a lot of schoolboys." "We are," he adds, "regulated, inspected, insulted, and the worry of all this is detrimental to the attention we should be quietly devoting to our proper work." These remarks, the report records, were received with applause, and it is certain that all having the interests of the insured at heart will agree with Dr. Marsh.

The insurance medical system as it exists at present professes, indeed, to give freedom of choice of a doctor to the patient, and freedom in the practice of his profession to the former, but if the terms of the Act be examined, "the worm i' the bud" of this freedom becomes apparent. The insured patient may change his doctor twice a year, and he may then choose another panel doctor. The doctor, it is also true, may refuse to attend any particular panel patient, but to be on the panel at all he must convince a representative of the Ministry of Health that he, presumably a fully qualified practitioner, and amenable to the discipline of his College and that of the General Medical Council, must have the imprimatur of the Ministry of Health, playing the part of a German Staats examiner, which permits an Insurance Committee to permit a panel doctor to see the panel patient. Moreover, having seen him, and no doubt also at times examined him, the doctor must be careful that his prescription does not cost more than a minimum sum, or remain liable for the refund of the excess price. Indeed, the terms "official of the Ministry" and "regulations" are convertible. In a reconsidered In-

surance Medical Service, and one acceptable to the best elements in the profession, one of the first points to which particular attention would have to be paid would be the control of the legally qualified practitioner by officials of the Ministry of Health, and the indispensability of these would have to be seriously questioned. There are at present two hundred committees scattered over the country, the work of which could be done by twenty.

It is conceivable that a professional Censors Board for medical Insurance work might have to be brought into existence without derogation from the independence of a liberal profession, were the General Medical Council disinclined to act in that capacity; but, with the institution of free choice of doctor, the disciplinary powers of the Colleges and the General Medical Council should suffice for safeguarding the public and the profession alike. No body of competent and qualified medical men will ever submit to any form of continuous supervision, and the exclusion of such from the service means its irremediable failure.

The official definition of the panel practitioner, as he exists at present, is that of "a general practitioner of ordinary competence and skill." This cannot be said to be a description in itself uncomplimentary, but does not suggest a very high type of doctor. It rather suggests damnation by faint praise, and does not denote a degree of professional skill to which one having any choice would readily commit the care of his health and life. The Chairman of the National Health Insurance Committee of the British Medical Association himself, who ought to be an authority on the subject, finds the above definition inadequate, and appears to be in search of a better description of a practitioner who, whatever his economic rights, must not, however, be allowed to exercise his powers beyond what he regards as the money value of the capitation grant, which is apparently inadequate for the display of more than "ordinary skill."

The definition of a fully qualified general practitioner which one would prefer would be that of a medical and surgical practitioner, capable of recognising and dealing with disease and disorder in all the systems of the human economy, and willing to deal with such alone, in all cases

except those which he recognises require a degree of special knowledge, experience and dexterity, which his age or opportunities, at any given period, have denied him. This is not the definition of a modest "Admirable Crichton," but of an instructed member of a liberal profession, endowed with common sense. It is not the definition of an expert or specialist, for the latter cannot be such, if he assumes a universality of competence and dexterity. But the panel practitioner, even if he possesses some special knowledge and competence, objects to exercise these at the fixed price, and however detrimental to his own development his refraining from such practice may be, the question of fee in a material world, in which one imagines one has the right to live, cannot be ignored. This question of remuneration is one of the points which it was hoped might have been considered in a revision of the Medical Benefit Section and settled in a reasonable manner so as to secure the willing service of the whole profession engaged in civil medical practice. This the Ministry of Health now refuses to discuss.

Not only special skill, but the actual time consumed in certain offices should be recognised when the question of remuneration is under consideration, and its satisfactory settlement is in no way incompatible with the existence of a "pool," or available and limited amount, to pay the doctor's fee. The situation could not, however, be met by the maintenance of a flat capitation rate or fixed grant, unless that were raised to a figure which would be absurd for work, certainly of skill, as all medical work is, or should be, but involving no special or equivalent encroachment on time, and *time* is the capital of *all* workers.

The position could only be met by a system of payment by attendance, in which a proportion would be contributed by the sum available in the "pool," supplemented, or not supplemented, as the case might be, by the patient in agreement with his chosen doctor. The liberty to take less should be possessed by the doctor, as well as that of asking more than the fee available from the pool. Yet the arrangement of such fees is not incompatible with the contribution of a certain sum available from a pool, which is the result of a fixed taxation rate.

The ideal which should underlie the constitution and

activities of the medical profession, and of all properly inspired medical service, is that it is one, indivisible and free; that every soldier in the "army" of medicine carries potentially "a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack"; that is, distinction in his profession, in his obstetric bag, his stethoscope pocket, or his surgical dressing-case. There can be no "baton" for the insurance practitioner who excludes from his practice all specialisation, and remains contented with "ordinary competence and skill" and an attractive capitation grant thereto attached, as is at present the case. Such an attitude dooms any "system" to failure.

The fully qualified practitioner, inspired by the ideals of a liberal calling, holds himself amenable to the professional tribunals of his cult and craft, but will for ever refuse submission to that official supervision and control which even some who have taken service in insurance work under present conditions recognise as insulting to themselves, detrimental to their proper occupation, and prejudicial to the public interest. No Insurance Medical Service, discontented and without other inspiration than a good round sum as capitation grant, can be productive of such work as will be to the advantage of the insured person.

For the reasons set forth in the preceding remarks, the decision of the Ministry of Health in agreement with the Consultative Council of the Approved Societies, is most unfortunate, and it is to be hoped that both the Ministry of Health and the Consultative Council will revise their present announced determination. Should they do so, and reconstitute the service on the lines indicated, the whole body of the profession would be at the command of the insured person on terms which may be shown to be eminently reasonable, and the scandals which so frequently see the light at coroners' inquests and in the lay Press would cease to appear. Those only would object to such a change who are now a danger to the insured public, and whose emoluments would be diminished by competition with others who prefer to practise their calling in accordance with the traditions of a great, free, and liberal profession.

(*One or more replies to this article by representative members of the medical profession will be published in September and October.*—ED.)

The Song of the Forest

By Olga Vitali

Among the few letters and papers that I have been able to save from the general shipwreck of my life, there is a simple story, written by me at the age of fifteen, and based upon a true episode of my early youth. Its close connection with the personality of a celebrated artist may lend some interest to this artless tale. I have, therefore, decided to publish it, altering but little in the original text.

"ONCE upon a time" . . . there lived a great musician, whose name was destined to become famous throughout the whole of the world.

It was spring in the capital. The snow had gradually melted under the pale rays of the northern sun, but the trees were bare, ice still floated down the Neva, and a cold wind blew. The weird "white nights," despite their mystical charm, had an irritating effect on the musician, overwrought as he was by the long and weary strain of the winter.

He longed for rest, for light and warmth. Moreover, he was at that time composing a grand symphony on national themes, and wished to get into touch with the original sources of popular inspiration.

He fled from town, hurrying southwards, to join a friend and disciple, whose hereditary domains were situated in the very heart of the country, miles away from the cold and dreary capital.

Here was spring indeed, taking a lusty revenge on the long winter's sleep! The world was alive with sound, ablaze with light and colour. Birds were singing, brooks were running, dells and meadows revelled in flowers. Blue forget-me-nots, yellow buttercups and cowslips, wild anemones, mauve and white, opened their petals to the sun, while virginal lilies-of-the-valley sought the coolness of the shade. And every evening, after sunset, the distant singing of the village folk reached the ears of the musician, and the native melodies which were to form the ground-work of his great masterpiece came to him, wafted on the warm, scented breeze of the night.

He woke early, feeling rested and refreshed, and started briskly for the neighbouring forest, whose limits almost reached those of the park. There was a cool and shady glade in the forest—giant trees met overhead, forming as the vault of a high cathedral. The tall, silken grass, untouched by the scythe, was strewn with wild flowers of wonderful variety and beauty; gold-fairy arrows of sun shot through the thick foliage and played in shifting circles at his feet. A gigantic birch-tree, struck down by lightning, lay across the glade, and here, on the trunk of this tree, the musician would sit for hours, hearkening to the music of the forest. But it was not only the twitter of birds that he heard: the sounds of a mighty orchestra seemed to rise and fall; violins, 'cellos, and trombones intermingled their notes, by turns grave and melancholy, or joyful with all the joy of the spring, while the wind gently played with invisible æolian harps, wringing wonderfully sweet melodies from them. The musician listened, spell-bound, to these sounds, communing with the very soul of Nature, of his people, of his country—that country of which one of our greatest poets * says:

"One cannot measure it or understand it . . . one can but have faith in it. . . ."

Then he would rise and hasten home, to work at the wonderful symphony that filled his whole being.

Almost every evening the two young men started forth, at the brisk trot of a sturdy grey mare, for the neighbouring domain, whose proprietors were old friends of the musician's host, and always made them welcome. They strolled in the stately, old-world linden park, laid out in the French fashion, with its "rond-point" and converging avenues, and its regular rows of apple-trees, clad in bridal array by the spring. Tea was laid on the terrace, and they all sat and chatted round the hissing tea-urn, watching the stars come out, one by one, in the dark-blue sky overhead.

The piano waited, with candles lit, in the long, low-ceiled drawing-room. The younger members of the friendly circle gathered round the musician, while at the farther end of the room the father read, and the mother bent over her work, under the soft light of the oil lamp.

* Tiutcheff.

Through the open windows came the warm breath of the night, heavy-laden with the scent of mignonette and stocks from the garden. Sweet, dreamy songs, ringing with the native melancholy strain, held young and old under their spell, and the musician spoke of the enchanted glade, and of all that the forest revealed to him. . . . but none listened to him more attentively, or hung more breathlessly on his lips, than a child of fifteen, only daughter of the master of the domain.

There was nothing artificial or sentimental about her. She was strong and healthy, full of the sheer joy of life. She loved open air and exercise, long walks in the fields and woods, rides on the breezy plain. But all the beauties of art and nature strongly appealed to her; she worshipped music and poetry, and knew by heart all the marvellous poets of our land. Although simple and gay, content to live and breathe, there yet were depths of feeling in her, a capacity for being thrilled by all the beautiful things of this world, which almost frightened her at times. Vague thoughts and emotions rose and struggled for expression . . . she envied the musician who could convey what he felt, in exquisite music. She would have given anything to possess a talent like his, but this was denied to her, and she secretly suffered from it.

She well knew the glade of which the musician spoke. In the course of her rides with the youngest of her brothers —her constant and favourite companion—they had often sat on the trunk of the fallen birch-tree, and dreamt their day-dreams there, while their horses grazed peacefully beside them. But she dared not tell the master that his sanctuary was known to her, and silently listened to his tale, well aware that the forest would never sing for her!

One day, however, she slipped out of the house at dawn, knowing that the musician was still asleep at that hour, and wended her way to the glade that meant so much to them both. It was a heavenly morning. "The air was as pure and fresh as the kiss of the child." * The sun was rising in a cloudless sky. A rosy mist floated in the air. She walked as on wings, full of a strange raising of the spirit, of a vague expectation which she could not

* Lermontoff: *A Hero of our Times.* Description of a summer morning in Kisslovodsk.

explain to herself, but which filled her whole being with joy.

She reached the glade, sat down on the trunk of the fallen tree, and was soon lost in reverie. She thought of the musician and of his wonderful talent, of the forest that sang for him, but jealously guarded its secret from the common of mortals. Suddenly . . . she hearkened to something . . . sounds seemed to rise and swell . . . melodies came to her ears. . . Was it a dream, or was the forest singing? She held her breath and listened, spell-bound . . . it was the symphony of Nature, the symphony of spring . . . but—was it not also the musician's symphony? She knew and recognised every note of it, but she had never heard it as she heard it now.

She sat as in a trance, her heart beating violently. And suddenly, child although she was, she understood. She had suffered, she had complained of having no talent, no gift of the gods; but she had been mistaken. . . . God had given her one, the great and supreme gift of feeling and comprehension, of deeply enjoying all there was good and beautiful in this world. She knelt down in the green temple with the emerald vault overhead, and thanked the Lord for the gift divine.

* * * * * *

Many years have passed by. The great musician, Tchaikovsky, is long ago dead and buried, but his name and his works are famous in all civilised countries of the world. The child has become an old woman. She has known the joys and sorrows of life; she has smiled and wept, loved and lost. But the magical sounds she had heard on that wonderful spring morning in the forest have for ever remained in her soul. And even now, deprived as she is of all she possessed by the bloody tyrants and oppressors of her unfortunate country, and obliged to lead the life of an exile abroad . . . she still retains that of which no one can ever dispossess her—the gift of enjoying all the good and perfect things that are left to her on this earth—a sunbeam and a flower; a sweet melody and a beautiful thought, harmony in Nature, and harmony of the soul. And she knows that life is, in itself, a gift divine, however difficult it may sometimes be to live it!

Scouting in Canada

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bt.

(Sir Robert Baden-Powell has very recently returned from a three months' visit to Canada and the United States. At Toronto he attended, by special invitation, the conference on education and citizenship and, accompanied by Lady Baden-Powell, inspected the Scouts and Girl Guides.)

THE National Council of Education for Canada has recently held a Conference in Toronto to which delegates from Europe were also invited, including six from the United Kingdom. These last were:—Lord Robert Cecil, Sir Michael Sadler (Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University), Sir Henry Newbolt, Lady Baden-Powell (head of the Girl Guide movement), Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe (of University of London), and the writer, as representing the Boy Scouts Association.

One realised from the prospectus and from the general tenor of the Conference that Canada recognises how, in building up a young nation, adequate education must be the first consideration; but that under the particular circumstances in her case it is neither necessary nor indeed desirable to adhere too closely to methods which have become traditional for old-established countries. The training must be a preparation for life and for its fuller use and enjoyment, rather than for mere standards of scholarship. It must aim also at diminishing some of the existing defects in the present-day civilisation, such as crime, vice, poverty, disease, class, racial and sectarian ill-will, and warfare. Character and citizenship have been generally agreed upon as the antidotes to these, and as the attributes necessary for making a nation; but so far, training in these has gone very little beyond the theoretical stage. It was because these attributes have formed the special aim in the Scout and Guide training that we were asked to come over as representatives of these movements and give an explanation of our methods.

After stating them at the Conference, we were requested by the Council to extend our tour to nine other main centres in the Dominion to make the system further known.

At first we put it forward as being helpful to education in a general way. It was only towards the end of our tour, after closer acquaintance with conditions in Canada, that we realised how this training can be of particular use in meeting the needs of the times that are pressing the Dominion with a threatening force.

After-war conditions are still laying a heavy hand on Canada. Lack of money, depression in trade and in agriculture, and high wages in the United States have combined to attract a number of good Canadians, including even French Canadians, to emigrate southward. The immigration of foreign elements, both from Europe and Asia, is large in proportion to that of British-born subjects, and the absorption of many of the larger industries in Canada by American corporations, using American employees, is having an Americanising effect on the thought and customs of the people. These departures are causes of anxiety to many. But there is among Canadians a particularly sturdy, manly loyalty that can stand up to bad times and look forward with hope to future successes. With its immense natural resources and its hard-working manhood Canada has all the makings of a great nation.

It has a number of social and patriotic clubs among its men and women, and these, with its excellent universities and agricultural colleges, promise the development and maintenance of the right spirit and ability. There are, however, on the other hand, minor internal differences, especially between religious denominations and political parties, which tend to retard Canada's progress, their leaders seeking their own narrower ends without regarding the danger it means to the higher interests which they pretend to serve.

It is not difficult to see that the whole future of Canada very largely depends on just how the present oncoming generation is brought up and educated. It is a momentous time for the Dominion; and the National Council of Education has done well at this juncture to arouse public interest more widely in education.

But education is handicapped to an extent unknown in

England. Qualified teachers are hard to get; immense areas have to be covered, children of all nationalities have to be dealt with, and the long and severe winter cuts down school terms to very short periods.

However, it is just under these abnormal needs and difficulties that Scouting and Guiding seem to come to the assistance of the education authorities in a practical way. We found it so in the course of our tour through the Dominion, which took us to St. John, New Brunswick, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria, and to numerous outlying townships and villages between these places. In all of these we found Scouts and Guides organised and at work, and, what is more, we found a good backing of understanding and support on the part of the public, from the Governor-General downward.

Our ordinary aims of promoting character, health, handcraft, and service for others were found to have their national and educational value here as elsewhere, and met many of the general needs. But, further than this, we were assured that they have their special application to Canada. They have appealed to the young people themselves, of all classes, creeds, and extractions, with equal force, and have thus made their education a self-imposed one, and one which, as more than one expert assured us, promises to Canadianise the foreign elements " in a few months where otherwise it would have taken a generation."

Moreover, the attraction which the training has for them individually leads the young people to carry on their self-education in backblocks, where they are out of reach of schooling, or during the long winter months in which they cannot attend school.

The elastic and decentralised organisation of the movement lends itself to this, since the " patrol " unit, which consists of six boys or girls with their own leader, can be formed in outlying hamlets, and " Lone " or solitary Scouts and Guides can be registered and trained in far-off farms and homesteads. All of these, finding themselves members of a brotherhood and in communication with their brother-members elsewhere, no longer feel cut off from the rest of the world, besides having the direct incentive to improve their own personal efficiency.

The psychological arrangement of having junior, middle, and senior branches in the movement also appeals alike to teachers, parents and youngsters, and makes the training progressive, effective and retentive.

The fact that it is open to every religious denomination on equal footing makes it acceptable by all, and this has a special value in a country where there are said to be over a hundred different recognised forms of belief, and at a time when the Sunday Schools seem unfortunately to be losing ground.

The introduction of the Rover scheme, that is the training of the older boys—of seventeen and upward—in patriotic service as a citizen, especially appeals just now, since the cadet system, which was to do that work, has been found to have only a partial effect in that direction. The cadet scheme is one which, although extremely popular with some, does not apparently appeal to all parties; its military value has been questioned; it can only be applied in populous centres, and in the present state of national finance it is complained of as an unremunerative burden on the taxpayer. So that the Rover movement, working in co-operation with the Cadets, can, in its turn, be helpful. Similarly, in view of the increasing share of women in civic and political responsibilities, the senior branch of the Guide movement is giving a valuable training to the young women of the country. Incidentally, too, it is supplying a tangible reinforcement to the hard-tried band of school teachers.

Then a further national by-product of the Scout and Guide movements lies in the Scouters and Guiders, that is, the officers. These men and women, who take up voluntarily the work of organising and training, devote energy, time, and trouble to it, as their expression of patriotism for Canada. Since the training is largely a matter of example by the leaders, their action gives a lead to their boys and girls in positive self-sacrifice and service for the community. This personal service is a most hopeful sign in an age when time is held to have a cash value, and charged for accordingly, and when the rich man is too apt to consider he has done his whole duty to the community when he has planted down a few dollars to help it.

Incidentally, the experience gained by Scouters and Guiders in child psychology and in the individual training

and character-development of the youngsters under their charge cannot fail to be invaluable to them when they come to have children of their own. This branch of the movement becomes a veritable university of parenthood. This should have its valuable effect on the rising generation, especially in a country where home discipline is to some extent lacking, owing to parents being fully occupied at their daily work and day-school classes being over-large for individual attention.

Then the spirit of brotherhood, which is so strong a feature in the Scout movement, promises to have a valuable effect, if the organisation continues to spread, in breaking down the artificial barriers which seem to exist to a considerable extent between Provinces and parties, sects and classes, societies and nationalities, and which tend to make a house divided against itself where a close-knit common citizenhood is so vitally needed.

That same spirit having now a world-wide tendency may, therefore, go further and strengthen, not only the bond of citizenship within the Dominion, but also Canada's link with the other great States of the British Commonwealth, and finally bring a realisation of her position in the world family of nations.

American Financiers on German Credit

With a Note by Ernest Remnant

Following upon the article "The Reality of Reparations," which appeared in our June number, the extremely interesting article which we print below has been sent to us by the Editor of the *Literary Digest*, New York (in which it appeared on June 23rd), with the suggestion that it should be published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. We gladly comply, since, so far as we are aware, no such comprehensive collection of authoritative American opinions on the subject has yet appeared in the English Press.

The writer of the former article referred to has added some comments upon the American views expressed.

IF money talks, America probably has the best speaking voice in the world. There is money enough here to finance almost any project, if we only care to go into it. For the last year or so a vast loan to Germany has been urged as part of any reparations settlement. Some of the money would go direct to France to help pay for the reconstruction of the devastated regions, and a little would be used to rehabilitate German finances. Everyone who is free from prejudices, says such an important organ of German opinion as the *Koelnische Zeitung*, will admit that in view of Germany's present financial situation she cannot make any reparations payments without a sufficient loan. If this is true, then here is the root of the whole matter. And yet so notable an economic authority as John Maynard Keynes flatly declares that any vast international loan to Germany is a sheer absurdity. Considering this difference of opinion, and the fact that the world's surplus funds are just now in American hands, it is extremely important to know what the leaders of American financial opinion think about the possibility of floating a German loan here. For this reason we have put certain questions to important bankers, financial journals, and similar authorities. We have asked them how much Germany could borrow as a loan for reparations, in what countries it could be floated, what security

in the way of resources and control of expenditures could be offered to creditors, and what the American investing public's attitude would be toward such a loan. From the replies we cull some of the most definite and significant.

Bankers are proverbially and rightly cautious, so it is not surprising to find Willis H. Booth, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, and president of the International Chamber of Commerce, unwilling "to reply categorically." "If," he observes, "the terms as finally adopted give reasonable assurance of a continued peace, and in the minds of the average investor are reasonable and practical, and the method of collection does not promise impractical complications, then such loans as are needed could doubtless be worked out, but prior to the determination of these points, it would be merely conjecture to express an opinion as to what should be done."

"If" is a favourite word in this discussion—if the reparations sum can be fixed; if confidence in Germany's good faith could be established; if proper guarantees could be obtained; if France gets out of the Ruhr; if France stays in the Ruhr. For instance, John McHugh, president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York, who has been interested in several plans for financing our foreign trade, says that if the amount of reparations could be agreed on by Germany and France, "a loan to Germany could be agreed upon both as to security and terms to which investors of England, the United States, France and the smaller countries of Europe would readily subscribe," although "it would mean co-operation in business and finance which at the moment is quite lacking." Mr. McHugh thinks that such a loan, "if properly presented, would be readily subscribed because upon study of the question it surely must be obvious that it would be to the great advantage of the business of the several countries to have the question settled through the co-operation of all concerned."

Mr. David R. Forgan, born in St. Andrew's, Scotland, is president of the National City Bank of Chicago. On the general question of a reparations settlement he admits he is "exceedingly pessimistic." He believes that the German "financial policy was deliberately adopted with a view of bringing on such financial chaos that the reparations could never be paid." Against this gloomy back-

ground Mr. Forgan presents the following five specific answers to our questions regarding a German loan:—

"First: I do not think that any very large sum could be borrowed by Germany in the markets of the world. English banks being the ablest in the world might take a considerable portion, but if any banks in this country should underwrite it they would be so timid about it that the amount could not be large.

"Second: The only two countries that would count in such a transaction would be England and the United States.

"Third: I do not know what security Germany could offer that would be satisfactory. It would have to be a first lien on her Customs' receipts, or something of that kind.

"Fourth: The creditors would have to have absolute control over the securities.

"Fifth: With our own market flooded with good investments, I think the attitude of the American investing public would be exceedingly timid toward any German loan. Possibly the so-called German-Americans might do something."

The problem of a German loan is not one of guarantees, or of material resources, or of investment return, argues Vice-President J. P. Harris, of the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, but fundamentally one of character. As he tells us:—

"Germany has no right to expect that she will be able to borrow a cent of money anywhere until she shows some tangible evidence of a permanent return to the principles of common honesty in her business dealings. Material resources are, after all, not the ultimate basis for credit, as is well illustrated by the conditions in Russia, where natural resources abound in almost infinite quantity, but where credit is absolutely lost. Character is the prime requisite for the establishment of any credit not only as between individuals, but also in international markets.

"To-day Germany stands before the world as a fraudulent bankrupt and an impenitent thief. By debasing her currency to a point of almost utter worthlessness she has substantially cancelled, by repudiation, her entire national, municipal, and industrial debt. With the reparations problem once settled, she will enter the economic race in competition with the rest of the world, with nothing but the reparations burden overhanging her; and if that is reduced to proportions which are now being discussed, to, say, $15,000,000,000, it will compare with a burden which England is carrying of about $40,000,000,000, with only two-thirds of Germany's population, while the *per capita* debt of France will be six or seven times that of Germany, and the *per capita* debt of even the United States considerably greater. In the meantime, it must be remembered that Germany's material resources are substantially intact."

"So far as the American investor is concerned," the Cleveland banker believes, "he will take the attitude that the only possible basis of any commercial or financial relations with a nation so bereft of moral principles in its business dealings is *through an outright receivership operated under the direct authority and control of the*

allied Governments, with complete control of Germany's liquid resources and administration of her finance."

One American banker expresses sentiments not unlike those of the Englishman Keynes, when he says he " cannot concur in the view that the reparations payments are to be raised by a loan or that the solution of the reparations problem lies in Germany's ability to borrow money." This is the point enlarged on by President Albert H. Wiggin, of the Chase National Bank of New York:

"Even if it were possible for Germany to borrow twenty or thirty billion gold marks in Great Britain and the United States, it is not clear how this vast sum could be suddenly transferred to France in such a way as to benefit the French Treasury on a scale at all commensurate with the sums borrowed or the effort involved. If the German Government could draw cheques against British and American balances for this amount and turn them over to the French Government, the French Government could not convert them into francs suddenly for the purpose of paying for its own internal borrowings connected with the reparations without precipitating violent disorders in all markets, and the French Government would realise in francs only a fraction of the franc value of the loan at the time it was made.

"Any fundamental solution of the reparations problem would seem to involve a programme of gradual amortisation. The amount of payments which Germany can make in interest and principal on reparations account must, in the long run, be limited by the fiscal surplus which Germany can build up—*i.e.*, the excess of taxation over public expenditures in Germany, and the export surplus which Germany can build up.

"A moderate loan to Germany, the service of which shall have priority over reparations payments, may be necessary as part of a comprehensive settlement of the reparations programme, as a means of tiding Germany over the period of financial re-organisation. No vast credits could be granted to Germany, however, until financial re-organisation was really accomplished."

The importance of character in a matter of credit appears again in the response made to our inquiries by *The American Banker* (New York). The sum Germany could borrow, says this paper, the oldest banking journal in America, " would depend entirely on the assurance that the intention existed in Germany to meet its obligations." Any loan that would be floated, we are told, " would have to be in series of issues of about $100,000,000 at a time." While the American market has been looked upon as a chief reliance for a German loan, *The American Banker* cannot help noting that out of the $130,000,000 Austrian loan, only $25,000,000 was floated in the United States. When it comes to security, we are warned that we must face " the question of what is to be done in case of repudia-

tion—remember, Germany would not be borrowing the money for her own use and development, but to pay a debt to other countries that she has unwillingly acknowledged." But the very policy that has made Germany a bad moral risk adds to the material wealth that could be pledged:

> Whereas the mark inflation has lowered the world's confidence in Germany, it has, nevertheless, greatly strengthened her ability to pledge material wealth, because to-day, due to the present value of the mark, Germany is really without debt—not only the Government, the municipalities, but her industries as well. Their debts are in paper marks, and can be wiped out by repayment in the present depreciated currency. In Germany's large industrial plants, her railroads, and her public utilities lie ample material wealth to serve as the foundation for a loan.
>
> In the matter of control to secure a large debt it seems to us that Germany would have to permit outside control of her finances such as the weaker countries have often had imposed on them, and if this control is to be of value it must be backed somewhere by force, just as when we have a financial adviser in Haiti his advice is backed up by the Marines.

When it comes to predicting the attitude of the American investor, *The American Banker* again emphasises the moral risk. Germany, says this editor, tried "to capitalise her admirers and sympathisers by the sale of the mark" in the United States, South America, and neutral Europe. "No one, of course, knows how much money was taken out of the U.S.A. by the sale of the German municipal bonds, but when the fever was really in full force, and with marks at from one to three cents each it was a bad day indeed when the houses specialising in these 'securities' did not put out a million a day." Here "is the case of a great number of people who have been 'stung' once—and some with a vengeance—not only in our country, but all over the world. How many will again put faith in Germany?" So *The American Banker* comes to the conclusion that only a sentimental appeal of a peculiar character could sell any considerable amount of securities for the German reparations account:

> A tremendous campaign launched with the purpose of giving the idea that the way to settle the world problem was to buy German Reparations bonds might give such bonds an appeal that they could never have as an investment.

Across the Continent *The Coast Banker* of San Francisco makes this specific reply to the five questions dealing with the what, the where and the how of a German reparations loan:

"(1) If Germany sets her house in order she will be able to obtain whatever sum is necessary to begin reparations payments. She must balance her budget, establish a sound currency, and organise an industrial system that will do justice to all classes. A loan or a series of loans will serve no useful purpose unless Germany is permitted to enter freely into international competition, and she can do this only by having free access to the world's raw materials and markets. Hitherto she has been acting in bad faith because she saw a chance to divide and conquer, to keep her enemies at swords' points while she fleeced them by selling them paper money she meant to make practically worthless, and competing with them by paying her own workmen in the same currency. About $500,000,000 would serve as a preliminary loan.

"(2) In the United States, Great Britain, and half a dozen other countries.

"(3) A mortgage of a certain percentage on all her tangible assets, including capital her industrialists hold abroad.

"(4) A receivership control similar to that accepted by Austria, which contains sufficient guarantees of political and economic independence.

"(5) Americans will oppose the loan until the foregoing conditions are fulfilled. Whether approach to fulfilment can be obtained by an international conference or by some other means, these conditions are a minimum. If they are met, the American investing public will be glad to participate in a loan on favourable terms."

A similar clear, brief statement of the case is made by W. S. Cousins, a well-known financial writer, who says:

"(1) I do not think that a reparations loan for Germany could assemble more than a billion dollars in American money.

"(2) That such a loan might be raised in the United States and some of the neutral European countries.

"(3) That the only acceptable security is the pledge and guarantee of solvent European countries (similar to the methods employed in the Austrian loan).

"(4) Creditors must have complete control over German finance and pledged assets.

"(5) American investors obviously have little interest in a loan that does not guarantee the peace of the world. We should not assist to bolster up any nation which is not pledged first and foremost to international peace."

The very first thing to be considered, says Mr. John Moody, of Moody's Investors' Service, is the fixing of a definite reparations sum. He suggests 58,000,500,000 gold marks, or about $14,000,000,000. Once the reparations are fixed, German finances can be reorganised. With proper security, Mr. Moody thinks a loan issued in series at intervals could be floated successfully. He suggests $750,000,000 as the initial offering. It could be floated in the United States, Great Britain and Canada, Sweden, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Argentina, and, possibly, Japan, France, Belgium, Italy, and

Czecho-Slovakia. Mr. Moody makes specific suggestions in the matter of security for the loan:

(1) State-owned railroads, operating about 56,000 kilometres of road. By turning the roads over to private operation, results are likely to be more satisfactory than they are to-day under Government management. The value of the lines may conservatively be placed at 17,500,000,000 marks (gold).

(2) State-owned post, telegraph, and telephone systems, valued at 7,500,000,000 marks (gold).

(3) German industries to consent to guarantee the loan by hypothecation of, say, 25 per cent. of their properties, which may be valued at 150,000,000,000 marks (gold).

(4) Unencumbered real estate in Germany, valued at approximately 12,500,000,000 marks (gold).

German finances, especially the collection of revenues allocated for service of the loan, could be administered in a manner similar to that employed in Austria.

This eminent authority on investments is rather more optimistic than some of the bankers we have quoted when he records his opinion that with such security "the new loan would be entitled to an investment rating and could be expected to be accorded a somewhat cordial reception by the American investor. The latter has, to a great extent, overcome his early provincialism and is not averse to such foreign issues as appear reasonably protected as to interest and amortisation of principal."

First fix the reparations figure, agrees the financial editor of the Boston *Transcript*. Then, once this is done, the private capital exported from Germany could be drawn on to float an internal loan, and Germany "will surprise the world, as France did in 1870, by the rapidity with which the reparations are paid." Germany, thinks this writer, could borrow abroad about $500,000,000 in the world markets, "on the theory that she should be able to finance three or four times as great a loan as Austria," and he observes in conclusion, "so long as France remains in the Ruhr, foreign creditors will have ample security."

Before any foreign loan could be successfully floated, insists *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "it would be absolutely essential for France to leave the Ruhr." There must also be, we are told, stabilisation of German currency, "actual scaling down of the reparations debt within the real ability of Germany to pay (not more than $10,000,000,000)," "the restoration of at least one of the former German colonies to the German Republic," and,

finally, " the absolute disengagement of the military relating to all matters of the adjudication of the German debt."

NOTE BY ERNEST REMNANT.

The foregoing representative American views on the reparation question are not encouraging to the short-sighted persons who have allowed themselves to be hoaxed by Mr. Keynes, or by jugglery with the mark, into the belief that Germany cannot pay. Neither do they support the view that American sympathies lie in the direction of letting off Germany. American bankers are under no illusions as to the deliberate German policy of despoiling the foreigner by the sale of paper marks, intended to be made worthless by almost incalculable multiplication, while creating an appearance of hopeless inability to pay debts.

I find in these American statements stronger endorsement for the views which I expressed in this REVIEW in June than I should have expected.

There is unanimity on one point, viz., that even if there were any chance of a loan of, say, £3,000,000,000 being favourably regarded, it would be impossible to mobilise and transfer such a vast sum.

But surely no such operation has ever been seriously contemplated, nor is it necessary in order to liquidate the debt. We have just settled our debt to America by the issue of bonds upon which only interest and sinking fund are to be paid annually on a gold basis. If the market permits of our buying U.S. Government securities at under par, we may do so and present them as cash.

No international loan was required to complete this simple transaction. The American Government, however, has the right of selling portions of the bonds from time to time, having given to this country the first refusal.

Precisely the same principle would be applied to the funding of German reparations. The bonds allotted to the several creditor nations would be available either as instruments of exchange, security for loans, or for realisation as and when opportunity offered. Assuming the capital sum to be fixed at £3,000,000,000, it could be extinguished in 65 years with interest at 3 per cent. by annual payments of £105,438,000. Payments could, of course, be graduated over the period so as to ease the early years. But once an

honest settlement had been made, very little easing would be necessary. The Beer Tax alone in England produces about £100,000,000 a year from a much smaller population, and nothing can be more certain than that Germany, freed from her former naval and military expenditure, could, within a very few years, afford to regard an annual payment of £105,000,000 as a bagatelle.

The present financial *débâcle* of Germany is indeed tragic enough for those unfortunate Germans who have been sacrificed to it by the industrial magnates and an incompetent Government, composed largely of Socialists whose oratorical accomplishments are no substitute for business capacity. So far, however, as it affects the future ability of Germany to pay her debt it is a *pure illusion*. No one would have questioned Germany's ability to find £100,000,000 annually before the war, especially if she were relieved of the bulk of her naval and military expenditure. *In every real sense Germany as a wealth-producing nation is richer and stronger to-day.* The great mark trick is so transparent as to be farcical.

In 1913 the total marks in circulation were about 2,500,000,000. Paper marks have now been printed to the unimaginable total of about 10,000,000,000,000, and the printing press continues to work night and day. Germans have "stung" the credulous foreigner, as the *American Banker* puts it, to the extent of £400,000,000 of good money in exchange for this worthless paper. There will be no effective taxation in Germany until the Germans, having made a settlement, have nothing to gain from subterfuge. Nearly all profits are either going back into buildings and improvements of industrial plant, or are being left abroad until the day when they can be brought home and used, to the great advantage that hard cash must always command in a demoralised market.

A settlement with no nonsense about it will produce a rapid and marvellous recovery to a degree of prosperity greater than Germany has ever before attained.

July 18th, 1923.

The New Poland

By Austin Harrison

FEW people in Britain have busied themselves with Poland, yet Poland is not only one of the real European factors, but emphatically the corner-stone of Central and of East Europe. There, one can literally re-live history, which once more has repeated itself. An Empire of the remote past has been revived; a people liberated from political obliteration, and now again Poland a nation, is a State with a soul, a culture and an almost fascinating malady of patriotism. New Poland begins; Europe returns to the days of Maria Theresa, Voltaire and Catherine of Russia—*minus* Russia, which latter is, of course, Poland's eternal question. Thus Bolshevism, or the eclipse of Russia, is Poland's opportunity. What will she make of it? In no small part Poland is Europe's responsibility.

Poland's fate—to have no natural boundaries—is Poland's problem, the difficulties of which are seen at a glance on the map. A visit to the Continent is perhaps necessary to reinforce the meaning of the word strategic frontier—in Europe one hears little else after the all-embracing topic of the exchange; and so once more Poland is an ethnographic whole in the centre of Europe with an enormous frontier line, encircled by her old historic foes, re-born, like a legend, overnight, a people of some 30,000,000: one of the very few who won the war. Her map-drawers were generous. They gave her the corridor with a sea-border, and they placed Dantzig and the Free State within the Polish tariff system. They gave her the Galician oilfields. They gave her, despite the plebiscite, the Upper Silesian iron and coalfields, thus splitting up the intricate industrial mechanism built up by the Germans there; and as Poland is agriculturally entirely self-supporting, has great forests and salt mines, and a very real industrial production in Lodz and the factories built by

the Germans in Posen, there can be no doubt but that Poland is economically sound, and could in a year or so be a considerable exporter of wood, of agricultural products, of coal, and even of textiles. Poland, as now created, is rich in natural resources. If Europe can return to economic conditions, Poland will undoubtedly become a stable and flourishing country.

But as in the past, so in the present. The Poles are temperamental politicians. Once more the cry is "from sea to sea"—from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The sabre rattles, Poland "over all." With charming *naïveté*, Poles talk of their moderation in not including Ukrainia within their borders; they covet all Silesia; they opine that the Dantzig Free State will shortly be Polonised, and they will tell you, *pace* the League of Nations, that the "sword will keep what the sword holds."

Poland's difficulties are political, as they always have been through her bruised and eventful history. Pilsudsky's dream to reconquer Ukrainia has failed; the line agreed with the Bolshevists is accepted, but the Army remains the hope and pediment of the new nation. Once upon a time, Poland was united with Lithuania; to-day the Lithuanians are bitter enemies. Then there are the "White Russians," and again the Ruthenians of the Ukraine who are also fiercely nationalist. Cut out of Germany, Poland holds Upper Silesia with the great coal and iron industry built up there; portions of West Prussia, a slice of East Prussia, Posen and the Free State corridor, which includes Dantzig. Lastly, there is the Jewish problem, quite specific to Poland, the Jews forming 14 per cent. of the whole, and 40 per cent. of the cities.

Poland has all the composite language, racial and religious difficulties of old Austria. She has to absorb or beat into submission millions of the toughest people in Europe. Plainly, her future will depend upon the Polish sword or on a wise and constructive statesmanship. A mistake on her part and all Eastern Europe may any year be in flames again.

But Poland has unbounded enthusiasm, and close observers on the spot admit that she has done well. War ravaged her from end to end. I saw dozens of railway bridges still unrepaired; lines torn up; telegraph poles

cut down; villages in ruins, etc., etc.; yet over 1,400 bridges have been rebuilt; many peasants' cottages, and at last the great Poniatowski Bridge at Warsaw, blown up by the Russians, is being restored. Poland exists—despite her currency. A splendid enthusiasm prevails. Poland is a nation of happy people, intensely proud of their regeneration, almost ludicrously national, revelling in their martialism (they have already five admirals), displayed everywhere; and Poland has set her heart upon reviving the old Universities in what must be described as impossible conditions.

At Vilna I found Poles who had thrown up lucrative careers in America working at the University there, which had been gutted by the Bolshevists, for since 1918 the Poles in the north have had wars with Lithuanians and Bolshevists, and Vilna is still riddled with shot holes. There is little money for the Universities. Yet they are reviving. The first medical degree was given to a student while I was there, with civic rejoicings, and at Lemberg, renamed Lwolf, and at Cracow immense interest is shown. But there are clouds. The Ruthenians now boycott the University; the Jews demand their own University; the school problem has become very acute. Alas! peoples do not learn from history. In Silesia, all last year Polish terrorism reigned supreme, and at Dantzig the misguided efforts of Polonisation are leading to an unfortunate position with the League of Nations, under whose care the Free State is placed. The inner atmosphere is strained. Like schoolboys, the Poles see themselves as conquerors, destined to restore the old Polish Empire. And they lack, quite naturally, men of experience.

They have no officials, very few professors, teachers or men of experience in affairs; thus old Austrian Galicia has been drained of their trained men, who, under the autonomy granted the Poles by the Emperor Francis Joseph, ran that province. Many of these men have gone to Warsaw.

In a word, Poland is very similar to new Ireland, and the Poles are temperamentally not unlike the Irish. One surprising feature is the youth of Ministers and officials. Poland is governed by young men. Impetuous exhilaration is the note. There are no precedents. Youth is in

the saddle. One sees in Poland in living motion a singular national and social experiment.

Travelling from end to end of Poland, I did not see a patch of uncultivated soil, in sad contrast to England. The peasants live in the humblest conditions. Their houses are mostly wood huts. Beds are not used. In the summer men and women go bare-footed. Labour is probably the cheapest in Europe. None the less, agrarian reform is one of the great questions; quite 52 per cent. of Poland is agricultural, and the demand for a peasant holding is an actual political cry. Perhaps the worst feature in the new State is finance. The Grabski financial reform Bill has failed. Without credit, Poland had to reconstruct as she could. She did it on paper money, with the consequences now visible. Her capital has gone. Like the Germans, the Poles have no reserves, no savings, no credit. Nearly 50 per cent. of her revenue goes on the Army, and lately Marshal Foch told them they must maintain 60 divisions in being. They have compromised at 45 divisions. But Poland cannot stand such a military expenditure, even with the substantial grants given by France. And this is Poland's dilemma. If her re-creation necessitates frantic armaments, then her outlook is, historically viewed, obscure, and once more history may repeat itself. As things are, Poland is a military organism which cannot pay. It is on the solution of this problem that Poland's future will depend. Few would venture to predict her future.

I found many Poles not a little anxious. There is an effervescence in the Polish character that makes the kindly observer distrustful. New Poland has arisen at the expense of the strong. Poland is really an ethnographic problem. The Poles extend into Kiev; there are hundreds of thousands on the Rhine; there are Poles in Czecho-Slovakia; now the French are colonising some hundreds of thousands in Northern France, and everywhere that Poles congregate they form nationalist islands of self-determination. To anyone conversant with European history this claim, with the inevitable warlike complications involved, adds a new terror to the great riddle of new Europe. As a post-war Prussia, Poland can hardly hope for salvation. Yet such is her *rôle* as the satellite of

France. She has been re-created as the Eastern spur of a physical hegemony and armed accordingly. In the domain of foreign policy she is thus interdependent. She is in the position of Napoleon's Grand Duchy.

None the less, Poland should have a future. Very many Poles fully realise the ambiguity of their situation and are anxious to secure a peaceful development. Here, Great Britain has a useful part to play. The Poles are somewhat aggrieved at Britain's aloofness. They would welcome anything like a policy of friendship on the part of Britain with open arms, as was testified by the remarkable demonstration offered recently to the Earl of Cavan. They would like nothing better than a little English goodwill. They say frankly: "Britain has given us the cold shoulder; France has given us power, trained our Army, sold us guns—naturally we cling to France." And it is true. Our neglect of Poland has been a mistake. All Poland but awaits a friendly word from us. Nowhere have I found in Europe a surer appreciation of British prestige and of the benefits likely to accrue from British friendship. The Polish question depends very largely upon wise guidance. Left to herself, she must form part of the ruling armed constellation; hence her alliance with Roumania, which she hopes will give her access to the Black Sea. The point is that new Poland stands in and as a military system, the full nature of which is crudely evident to every traveller on the Continent, and many Poles are gravely conscious of the perils of a destiny based quintessentially upon force.

Pending the revival of Russia, Poland has the chance to stabilise what must be described as a hazardous position, and for the nonce that is sufficient. The pin-prick policy, which since the Ruhr occupation amounts to economic war, pursued by Poland against Germany—the Dresden negotiations have failed to reach any settlement—are admitted to be "inspired"; but this state of things cannot endure, and from what I saw and heard in Dantzig and in the Silesian coal districts, there can be little doubt but that this Polonisation policy is conducted at the price of Polish economic and financial chaos. The truth is that racially no exact boundary line of Poland can be reconstructed. All that part of Europe has constantly changed

hands by war through the centuries; and Napoleon, who, for example, occupied Hamburg in 1805, left all Europe nationally Balkanised, as we now say.

The corridor is, of course, a biological anomaly—it is as if Liverpool and the surrounding districts were made a Free State under Portugal. As for the Russian side of the problem—time alone can say. But this is true. Economically, Poland is a real economic unit, given a wise policy. She has inherited splendid railway systems built by Germans and Russians; she has the great waterway of the Vistula—the Polish Rhine; her people are intelligent, if, in the parts occupied by Russia, largely illiterate; she has an export surfeit of coal enough to balance any normal Budget; if she aims at peace she should be able to develop into a prosperous entity with a civilisation of her own. The burning desire of Poles is for some friendly recognition from us.

Militarism is bleeding her white. The French virtually own the Galician oil, and no small part of the Silesian coal, and Poland's great virgin forest is to be sold to a foreign syndicate. She is thus hypothecating her wealth for arms. *Cui bono?* That is her national question. One can safely say that Britain can be of enormous value to new Poland, for her chief need is of a disinterested guide. A British-Polish understanding would be a useful instrument in the general work of recovery and constructive statesmanship, which would seem to be Britain's divine call, if Europe is to regain the semblance of peace and build the foundations of prosperity.

Pillory

The House That Jack Would Like Built

In the hot weather which we hope will prevail during the holiday month of August, we imagine that our readers will be glad of a respite from the more serious aspects of politics. We propose, therefore, to take for the subject of this month's Pillory an article by Mr. David Arlott in our esteemed contemporary *The Illustrated Sunday Herald*, under the alluring title, "How to Start a Housing Push." The question, serious indeed in itself, is treated by this writer in a vein of airy fantasy amazing after the failure of Dr. Addison's (and every other) attempt to supply ordinary wants by the discredited methods of Government or municipally controlled organisations. The article would be amusing did it not excite the depressing reflection that, as reputable journals with large circulations persist in publishing nonsense on matters of real moment, they must find that a large section of the public prefer fairy tales to facts.

This writer opens his theme with the following portentous pronouncement:—

> The housing question is a national one. Therefore it must be dealt with by the nation—that is, the people and the Government.

and proceeds:

> The scheme I would advocate is, first of all, the formation of "A Better Housing Guild"—a national movement with headquarters in London. A high personage should be the patron, and a real live organiser—a big business man—the president.
>
> The presidents of the institutes of bankers, architects, valuers, accountants, and of the Employers' and the Trades Union Federations, ought to be enrolled as vice-presidents. A Central Committee should be formed in London with an active chairman, and local committees should also be formed in every Parliamentary Division in the country, with the member of Parliament as the president, supported by an active committee of architects, valuers, employers, and employees.
>
> Having covered the whole country in this manner and *perfected the organisation*, the Government should then be invited to be represented, together with the Office of Works, in order to settle a national plan of houses and flats, particularly flats, with labour-saving devices, constant hot water, and central washhouses.
>
> This accomplished, the Government could then be invited to float a housing loan, guaranteeing the interest out of the beer tax, and at once set

to work on a wholesale plan to house the working classes in cheap and decent houses and flats at a cost not exceeding £500 per house or flat.

Who will form "A Better Housing Guild" on these lines? (Who indeed?)

Fine words butter no parsnips, and neither will they produce houses—at economic rents. Let us examine one by one the sanguine expectations here so confidently expressed. "*The housing question is a national one. Therefore it must be dealt with by the nation. That is, by the people* AND THE GOVERNMENT." Since when have the nation and the Government become one and the same? Since when has it become necessary for the individuals composing the nation to depend upon the Government as universal provider? Since when have they lost the power of providing for their own wants in the manner that has sufficed ever since man found his own cave or fashioned his own wattle and mud hut?

If, indeed, this impotence has overtaken the nation, it is only since its energy and abilities have been temporarily paralysed by just such Governmental interference as is here advocated. Have we not had enough of grandiose schemes hatched in the fertile brains which prefer the pleasant illusions of Whitehall to the harder conditions of reality?

Have we not learned that if, by an unholy combination of rent restriction and Government or municipal building schemes, we attempt to obstruct the free play of natural competitive conditions and the inescapable law of supply and demand, then at once we become involved in a vicious circle of building rings and artificial prices of labour and material? Then—as one lie leads to another—follow futile attempts to control prices and to restore the economic equilibrium deliberately destroyed. If the public, and the Press which presumes to instruct them, have not by this time realised that it is impossible to achieve desirable and economically sound results by radically unsound methods, then we shall soon be on the high road to the Socialist millennium—or chaos.

Have we forgotten the National Shipyards, not only here but in America, the fiasco of the much-vaunted Australian Commonwealth mercantile fleet, the Woolwich locomotives, the bacon and sugar controls, and the rest?

During the absurd Government inquiry into the conditions of domestic service, it was seriously proposed that mistresses and maids should be formed into a National Guild of Employers and Employed under a Royal Charter! Mr. Arlott's suggestion of "A Better Housing Guild" with "a high personage as patron" and a "real live organiser," is almost as senseless a contribution to a matter-of-fact problem. Its efficacy is hardly guaranteed by the comforting assurance that "Having thus covered the whole country and *perfected the organisation*," etc. We seem to remember previous schemes which covered the whole country with "perfect" organisations and produced—nothing but disappointment and inflated prices.

The utter amateurishness of Mr. Arlott's proposals may be judged from his delightful notion that the interest on the huge Government Loan which would be required to finance his scheme should be guaranteed out of the beer tax. The implication is, first, that some such specific guarantee would be necessary to support tottering British credit, as in the case of, say, China and the Salt Gabelle; and, second, that the beer tax is a sort of extraneous source of national revenue which the country might, without inconvenience, dispense with, instead of being, as of course it is, an integral part of our resources.

As to the possibility of building suitable houses for £500, the short answer is that whenever and wherever it becomes economically possible to build at this figure, having regard to the cost of land, materials, labour, and money, as well as to the rent obtainable, then they will be built by private enterprise, and not before. These schemes, high personages, committees, perfect organisations, and all the rest of it, will produce no more houses than did Dr. Addison. Economic production and economic rents will obstinately defy all amateurish or Socialistic attempts to govern them by anything but economic laws.

Mr. Arlott must either be extremely ignorant of ruling conditions in the building trade, or else he is deliberately misleading his readers, in suggesting that houses can be built for £500—"freehold, two floors, drawing-room with bay window, dining-room with French window and fixed china cupboard, kitchen, pantry, outside wash-house, coal-house, lavatory on ground floor, and three bedrooms (two

containing fixed wardrobes), bathroom and lavatory on first floor." We challenge Mr. Arlott to prove that any responsible builder would erect such a house of sound materials and of habitable dimensions for less than £800, not to mention the land. Mr. Arlott cryptically states that such a house was recently erected in Sheffield, "valued by a well-known firm, and *sold for* £550." His statement would have been more convincing if he had enlightened us as to the value placed upon this mysterious house by the "well-known firm" and the loss incurred by its sale, freehold, at £550.

Following the adjuration, "Wake up, England!" the writer quotes New Zealand, Canada, Belgium, and other countries where advances are obtainable by individuals to assist the building of houses, as if such facilities were not already available in poor benighted old England.

Quite apart from the fact that the Government is committed to a large scheme of subsidies, surely no one can be unaware of the existence of innumerable building societies and other agencies, through which, at an average rate of interest probably not exceeding 6 per cent., any reputable citizen can obtain loans to the extent of from 75 to 85 per cent. of value.

That Mr. Lloyd George, with his "Homes for Heroes," and the Socialists should industriously propagate such fallacies is only to be expected. They are their stock-in-trade and they have no other. But that a capably directed journal such as the *Sunday Herald* should give prominence to such puerilities is surprising. The large number of its readers to whom building costs, and indeed all costs, present an incomprehensible problem, are encouraged to expect the impossible, and from the most pernicious source, namely, the continued interference of incompetent officialism. Like most problems, the housing question is much simpler than it appears. Mr. Lloyd George's absurd land legislation of 1909, now at last dead, buried, and damned, had already caused a great diminution of building activity for several years before the war. The war inevitably almost put an end to domestic building. Since the war, wages of building operatives and the high cost of materials (largely owing to wages), coupled with the operation of the Rent Restriction Act, have made it well-

nigh impossible to erect small houses at a cost which permitted of an economic rent. The difficulty was enormously accentuated by the absurd intervention of the Government and the municipalities in the mistaken belief that they could perform miracles beyond the power of private enterprise.

But even had there been no rent restriction, and if labour and materials could have been purchased at normal rates, the shortage of houses *must inevitably have continued for a number of years.* That is the hard fact which nearly everyone, politicians and Press particularly, refuses to face. How could it possibly be otherwise? Thanks, first, to Mr. Lloyd George, and later to the war, normal building has been stopped for ten or twelve years. There are only a certain number of builders and building operatives in the country. They are practically all fully employed, and there has been a shortage of some classes of craftsmen ever since the war. In addition to the arrears of small domestic buildings, there are huge arrears in public buildings, institutions, factories, railway buildings, schools, hotels, shops, etc. Half Regent Street, for instance, is being rebuilt. Most builders are so full of work that they refuse even to tender for much that is offered them. Doubtless, if the Building Unions had been more willing to admit recruits, the situation might have been to some extent eased. But under no conceivable conditions could the house shortage be remedied in less than a good many years. If it were otherwise, we should suffer no ill results from wars or foolish legislation. We could eat our cake and have it. Spendthrifts could continue to spend and yet to live in luxury.

But this is not the world as we know it. It is doubtless desirable for harassed humanity sometimes to escape from the depression of hard facts; but the *Sunday Herald's* weekly feast of entertainment is surely delectable enough without such fustian. Is there not always the joy of reading a solemn sermon by the ever-delightful Mr. Blatchford and trying to guess how far he is serious and how far merely laughing at us in his sleeve?

Matinees and John Masefield

By Horace Shipp

In the present state of the English Theatre *matinées* in the hands of a wise and artistically inclined management might prove its salvation. As long ago as the early 'nineties that inspired business man of the theatre, Beerbohm Tree, realised that the ultimate success of his work both as artist and theatre magnate depended upon his feeding his evening ventures with experimental work tried out upon an audience. His first effort was that of setting aside Monday evenings for the experiments, but later he established his Afternoon Theatre for the production of plays like *Hannele* or *An Enemy of the People*. The scheme had everything in its favour. It helped to cut the overhead costs of running a theatre; it encouraged acting and kept his company fresh by giving them a supply of good work; it educated his audiences; it revealed to him as actor-manager the values and defects of certain plays, feeding his evening bill when occasion required. If these things were advantages in the 'ninties, they are trebly so now, when economics have made the possession of a theatre an almost certain road to bankruptcy; when the long run has no recognisable limits; when the opportunity of seeing or trying out new plays has almost disappeared under the durance of post-war conditions, and when public taste is at the best uncertain and at the worst execrable.

All these things heighten our expectations as to what the Playbox is to offer. "Opened for the amusement of the public on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoons" by the excellent Reandean management, it comes with the twofold aim of providing that amusement and of experimenting in plays for the evening bill at the theatres linked to them. Any lover of the theatre and of the drama would hope for the success of the venture. Moreover, it opened with the production of a new play by Masefield, and that in itself is an event in contemporary drama.

The auguries, you will observe, were propitious. A kindly Press talked columns about *Melloney Holtspur* and the Playbox before it opened; a kindly public endured maddening delays and eventually presented itself at the theatre at the height of a heat wave which might have deterred the most enthusiastic. But with the best intentions in the world, and a worship of some of Masefield's work "this side idolatry," I cannot take *Melloney Holtspur* seriously. In my more iconoclastic moments I cannot take Mr. Masefield's presence in the theatre seriously; and although I went to the St. Martin's Theatre with every readiness to enjoy a work which the morning papers had assured me was beautiful, was written in sublime English, and was in every way worthy its author and its premier position as a Playbox production, I came away bitterly arguing with an invisible Mr. Masefield about his theme, his characterisation, his conception of the characters, his dramatic technique and what it was all about, if it were about anything more than appeared. This although I realised that a brilliant cast, good production and designing, and Schwabe-Hasait lighting had done their best for Mr. Masefield.

Melloney Holtspur is a ghost story. It deals with the domination of an evil artist's personality over a house whose daughter Melloney had died of love for him eighteen years before. His portraits and hers hang on the wall; his ghost and hers struggle in the mesh of these ancient sins, and, hell having "no fury like a woman scorned," she wreaks her revenge by blighting his daughter's love happiness with her nephew. That is the baldest outline of the story and reveals a dramatic if not very profitable theme, capable of an interesting interweaving of the two worlds and of telling in a poet's English. It is precisely in these respects that Masefield succeeded.

To my mind it is in the management of his details, and in the misconception alike of his own characters and of their significance, that he has failed.

Had we believed the things which the characters in the story said about poor Lonny Copshrews, including the things which he said about himself, we should have accepted this story of his villainy. Mr. Masefield believed in it, in much the same way, I suspect, as Milton believed

in that of Satan. For myself, I could only decide that in the matter of morality Lonny had an inferiority complex, for he called himself fiend and devil, stated that everything his hand touched was soiled, and wailed his sins through twenty years and two worlds. Unfortunately for this conception, we were able to see some of these sins, and one could not but feel that for a young man surrounded by the set of designing females who forgathered around him, he lived a conspicuously blameless life. True, he deserted his French wife, but the moment's glimpse we had of that lady murmuring "Zis is my husband" in best Lyceum style seemed to justify the action; true, he omitted to tell Melloney that he was married, but she, having called him psychically from Paris, gave him little chance of such a confession and had him in her arms with a gusto which would have done credit to Ann Whitefield. Then when the wife appeared Melloney commenced that twenty years' vendetta with the unhappy man. He tossed up for the Foreign Legion or the Isles of Greece, and, the coin deciding the latter, he escaped from these women to those comparatively restful solitudes, thoughtfully putting certain Holtspur treasure back in a secret hole in the wall from which he had borrowed it during his struggling days. This creditable honesty (for he was still poor and refused with fine scorn a proffered gift of £50 from the lady Melloney) again seemed a work of supererogation for a villain. His one child was by his wife; his love affair with one other woman in the village proves many years after to have been her desire more than his, he accepting because it brought him near this Melloney for whom he had restrainedly pined.

After death he offers himself to any degree of torment so only that his child be spared from misery, and the sacrifice is turned down by the original Holtspur family ghost, who says that only "atonement" can save him. He seemed to me to be atoning as hard as was psychically possible, but the Holtspur ghost was as unreasonable as the rest of that impossible family, and I nearly cheered when a small child, whose existence complicated the action incredibly, bade her brother "Give him one in the solar plexus." Melloney Holtspur is brought belatedly to superreason by a chorus of ghosts explaining that they had lived in sin, but indicating that they rather liked it, and when

they give evidence of Lonny's lifelong secret attachment to her, she withdraws her curses on the younger lovers and the warring ghosts are reconciled. Which I felt to be an incongruously happy ending, for everybody but Lonny's Ghost.

Frivolous as that appears, it is not an unfair rendering of Masefield's "Fantasy." Even so, it does not take into cognisance a set of awful stage children, nor the old housekeeper who kept pathetically predicting her own early death, but unfortunately left the prophecy unfulfilled.

I came away feeling what an expressive word "rigmarole" is. What does Masefield wish to convey? The only conclusion was that we were as stupid and miserably minded after death as before—a saddening conclusion enough in face of this collection of pre- and post-mortem mentality. That love is finally stronger than hate? His *dénouement* was too unconvincing and dependent upon happy chance to help our unbelief. Yet there must be something more than this incredible story so creakingly manipulated. And where is the cunning of that hand for characterisation which gave us the narrative poems? Even the brilliant cast, which included people like Esmé Percy, Laura Cowie, Meggie Albanesi, Mary Jerrold, and Ada King cannot perform the impossible task which Masefield has set them.

Then the Press, in whose strange hand the good die young, have exalted this to its place in the evening bill in place of that great drama, *R.U.R.* Why? It has been placed on record as an axiom of criticism that "if it's a good author it's a good play." Masefield is a good author; perhaps that suffices. I had hoped to deal with one other *matinée* venture which brings back to the stage one of our greatest writers, but the postponement of the production of George Moore's *The Coming of Gabrielle* makes it impossible for me to include it. Will *this* be a masterpiece worthy of the hand which produced it? We hope and hope, and congratulate Leon M. Lion upon bringing it to us. For the world of the theatre is a world of hope, and in spite of the disappointment at this first production from the Playbox, the optimist within me still regards it as Pandora's box.

The Modern Home (iv)

[A series of four articles contributed by members of the Design and Industries Association, and expressing the views of that body on the planning, decoration, furnishing and equipment of the modern home.]

Fittings and Equipment

By M. H.

It is likely enough that the problem of domestic service would have become increasingly difficult even had the war and the post-war conditions not brought it to a head more quickly. In the country villages for quite fifteen years suitable help has been hard to find, especially by those who keep only one servant. Loneliness and want of outside interests drove the younger women to towns and suburbs to seek the cinema or companions of their own ilk with whom they might pass their spare hours.

My sympathies have always been with the employee to a great extent. It *is* lonely to live through one's days in someone else's house, to spend hours (often in a stifling kitchen in hot weather) cooking food to be consumed in a few minutes, to wash over and over again the same silver and crockery, greasy plates and sticky saucepans, to clean stained knives, and to be obliged to begin thinking about the preparation of the next meal almost before the one in progress is cleared away.

That incessant cleaning of things which become immediately dirty again! Even to the woman who may say she "is fond of housework" the endless tale of duties must at times seem the essence of drudgery.

Even with labour-saving tools and an understanding employer domestic service cannot be specially attractive to the young. "To live all your days in another woman's kitchen and scour another woman's pots and pans is not all beer and skittles," was once said to me by a Lancashire ex-mill-girl, who had sought a refuge in domestic service from the monotony of mill life. We had flattered

ourselves that we had made the position as easy and comfortable and pleasant as possible. While admitting that, she added: "It isn't only the work, it is the being one alone all the time and feeling a foreigner."

It seems as though the war had driven out of the domestic ranks many of the few remaining good servants. Having tasted the freer life of camps and factories and farms, who would willingly invest her life in such a career, even with the bait of mops and pails and stainless knives and vacuum cleaners and increased hours of freedom?

The whole position having changed, or, perhaps, being recognised and acknowledged as changed, whether we like it or not, we have to set about adapting ourselves to the altered conditions and gratefully accept what the gods send us in the way of tools which will enable us to run our houses on hygienic and scientific lines and still have leisure for other interests, sporting, social, or intellectual, according to our tastes.

There is an increasing number of women who are prepared to look on their housewifery as a profession; they are, many of them, drawn from the professional ranks, and are not what is known as domesticated women; it is such women that labour-saving appliances chiefly concern, and who are best able to value them.

Given a thoughtfully planned house, of which there are many to-day, the most house-proud women can get excellent results without the expenditure of too much labour and time with, perhaps, daily help or, maybe, one maid. Interest and even enthusiasm are great assets in this profession; the woman who "takes up" domestic work as a last resort is not likely to appreciate good tools, she always works with a visible touch of resentment, does not want to alleviate her sufferings, in fact, never gets any fun out of her job.

If we treat the kitchen as the workshop of the house we shall find that much mental and physical strain can be saved by the use of a well-arranged dresser of the "kitchen cabinet" type, containing the necessary tools and ingredients for baking and cooking conveniently at hand; a saving of hours may be effected in the course of one week by a little serious thought given to the planning and equipment of this fitting.

In an existing house it is not always possible to place the kitchen cabinet in the best position for light, and that would be a point to consider in the planning of a new house; in fact, the position of natural and artificial light in relation to dressers, tables and stoves should receive the most careful consideration.

Where the kitchen cabinet is not available, a movable cupboard-table is a very useful article, especially in a fairly large kitchen: a table, on one end of which is fitted a marble slab for pastry making, a fall-down leaf for extension, and cupboards underneath to hold baking and cooking materials; there should be one or more drawers to hold knives, spoons, egg-beater, and other tools, a rail on which to hang oven and other cloths, and provision should be made for fixing the mincing machine; the top of the table should be at a convenient working height.

The movable table has several advantages, it can be moved to get a good light on it, to be comfortably near the gas or electric iron and the oven, and, when the cooking is finished, it can be pushed towards the sink, the dirty dishes and cooking utensils washed and put back in their places.

In a small house the crockery will be washed in the scullery, and may be stored in a glazed china cupboard conveniently near to the scullery and to the dining-room; this china cupboard may be accessible also from the dining-room if the planning of the house will allow of it.

The scullery, a very important department of the house, well equipped, can be a very attractive one, and is worthy of attention being devoted to its furnishing.

It is essential that the sink should be a comfortable height. I know of one housewife who was "measured for" her sink, but, generally speaking, it is wise to have it a little on the high size, as it is always possible for a shorter person to stand on a board or mat to gain height.

A sink with plug and chain, two sloping draining boards of ample size made of teak or other hard wood, draining racks for crockery, a handy shelf for soap powders, etc., a bracket with arms for drying towels, a plentiful supply of hot water and clean towels, would rob any washing-up of its horrors. Of course, a sink of the type of Staines teak sinks would approach the ideal and

save many breakages, but that is beyond the pocket of many housekeepers. The taps, preferably smooth-bodied and plated or porcelain enamelled, should be raised well above the sink; this would prolong the life of the crockery.

In these days of expensive and inefficient laundrying a washing machine is a valuable possession, but where this is not available a vacuum washer and rubber-rollered wringer are useful accessories.

A vegetable bin or rack is a useful addition in the interest of tidiness in the scullery.

There is much controversy on the subject of kitchen ranges, but there seems to be but one opinion about the inconvenience and extravagance of the old type of big, greedy built-in range with its inefficient back boiler. Any housewife with experience of baking will agree that a stove that needs constant replenishing during the process of cooking is exasperating and tiring. At any rate, for small, or not very large houses the various kinds of self-setting stoves requiring a moderate amount of fuel (preferably coke or anthracite), with flues easily cleaned and kept in good working order, are certainly a great improvement on the old built-in pattern. One hears a good deal of praise of these, and of the inter-oven type of stove, which seems very popular with those who wish to use their kitchens not entirely as kitchens, but as breakfast rooms or as sitting-rooms for servants; it is probable, however, that this would be most useful as an accessory to a gas cooker: this is a matter for individual choice. There is one pattern that has a good deal to be said for it, and which might be adapted to household use, that is the "cabman's shelter" stove; it has the advantage of a shallow firebox giving a large, cheerful fire-surface, the top plate is always hot, and the oven seems to work effectively. In a small kitchen it would probably have the disadvantage of projecting too far into the room, but in a larger room that would not be an inconvenience. But whatever the type of stove it ought to be finished in such a way that it does not need blackleading.

White tiles in the stove recess are a distinct advantage in reflecting light on the cooking. But the recess is a survival of an old system, and it is better when there is no recess.

The position with regard to light and height applies equally to the gas cooker; one realises the convenience of an oven at a fitting height when using the blue-flame stoves which are such a boon in country places with no gas supply.

What housewife who has once used fireproof earthenware and glass cooking dishes would be without them? To be able to serve food daintily and without the loss of any of its heat in the dish in which it has been cooked and in a dish which is easy to wash is certainly no small advantage, and they may be counted among the indispensable things. Most women have a passion for crockery, and these glass dishes have been a joy to them.

Perhaps the biggest revolution in household equipment is in the production of stainless steel cutlery. This has undoubtedly touched the popular imagination, for there has probably been no more universally hated task than the cleaning of knives. Some of us look with a melancholy eye on the number of ordinary steel knives still in our possession, in perfect condition, of which no one seems anxious to have the reversion, and which will still have to be cleaned in the old way, but there are various kinds of knife machines which are very effective.

The popularity of stainless steel has caused a wide demand for the extension of its use to such articles as taps, fireirons, grates, etc.

Naturally where electricity is available there is no question as to its advantages, we are familiar with its use in connection with the vacuum cleaner, smoothing irons, or as a means of warming rooms. Its expense is a drawback. No doubt in time the power will be less costly, and consequently it will be more in demand; by pressing the magic button we shall be able to wash our clothes, cook our food, wash the dishes, brush boots, polish silver, and do the many tasks which we do now by hand or by means of the mechanical helps to which we gladly turn.

We are all familiar with these revolutionary aids to housewifery, they look at us alluringly from the pages of the magazines devoted to the improvement of our homes. It is a fascinating display bewildering to the would-be possessor, and sometimes involving unexpected trials in the care of the articles when possessed: we do not always

remember that they will not care for themselves, that we have a certain responsibility to them, that we have to be on good terms with them as with the human servant, and that they too need to have interest taken in their welfare and to have encouragement (the periodical round with the oilcan and the oily rag) and some acquaintance on our part with their mechanism.

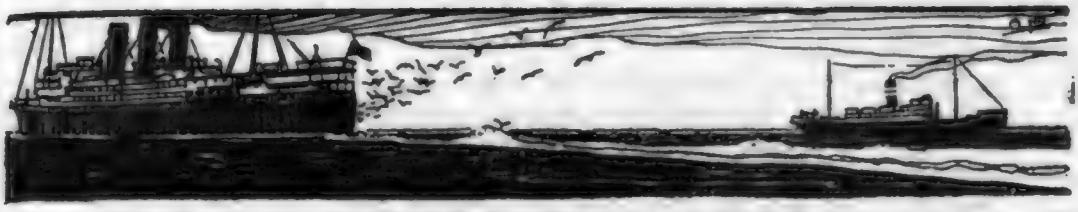
The automatic house is not yet built, there will still happily be some tasks left for us, we may even weary of the stern efficiency of our servants, and one day steal away in secret and go down on our knees, and, if there should be such a thing left as a scrubbing brush, relieve the monotony by scrubbing a floor.

There is a house I know which was built about sixteen years ago in which the methods of cleaning have not altered much except in the gradual addition of labour-saving implements as they asserted their claims. The woodwork is of oak in its natural state, window frames and doors are dusted with a damp sponge and wiped with a cloth, the floors are washed regularly with a do-all mop and dusted between whiles with a dusting mop, both of these tools being equally useful for tiled floors and for linoleum. The rugs are cleaned by a vacuum cleaner and the furniture dusted with a damp wash leather.

One of the things in that house which has done much to lighten labour is the independent boiler which burns steadily on, rarely going out, giving a generous supply of very hot water day and night, and costing little even with anthracite coal at its present high figure.

A great treasure, too, is a two-tier service waggon on rubber-shod castors: the amount of mileage saved by the use of this has already been considerable. Being well made in hard wood it takes its place as a sideboard when in the dining-room. Two drawers contain the silver and cutlery in constant use.

When function and purpose are duly considered, when things are designed simply and straightforwardly to fulfil their purpose, they give a dignity and even beauty to the everyday things of life.



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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE UNIVERSITIES. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. Blackwell. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a scholar's book written by an authority with whose research one dare not quarrel. It has little to do with its title, being in fact a series of essays upon Elizabethan dramatic and theatrical matters; adding, as may be supposed, further facts to our store of erudition, building upon them certain interesting theories, and collating and correlating information. Dr. Boas is too careful a scholar to thrill us with new or wild theories. It is literature and dramatic-literary history under the microscope; erudition for erudition's sake. One theory fascinated me: that Shakespeare's first acquaintance with Oxford University was the receipt by his company of twenty shillings to go away without further troubling the University. That is almost too good to be true, and too human to be recorded. Actually Dr. Boas' book is as human and interesting as this type of work can be, but as a type *redolet lucernâ*.

THE BOOK OF A BENEDICT. By DUNCAN SWANN. John Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

GERALD HANBURY, the benedict in question, gives us the essence of his matrimonial philosophy in this story of a year of his married life—a chapter a month. Mr. Swann has made him a very smart literary man, whose circle embraces "nothing beneath the rank of a stock-broker," and thus the scenes are set in those places of which the lesser world likes to read, the dialogue is full of witty turns, and the whole set of social adventures done with galloping spirits and accurately suggested details; it has, in fact, the reality of theatrical illusion efficiently produced. An undoubtedly clever book of easy philosophy, harmless philandering, and social criticism, but it has not the supreme merit of making the narrator a pleasing personality; there is too much self-satisfaction and too much of assumed goodfellowship in this witty man-of-the-world to make him really sympathetic. His correctitudes and his you-be-damnednesses are all right, but Mr. Swann hasn't given him the little more which a creation so witty and so necessarily prominent deserves. Still, we get a set of extremely well-done scenes from the life as it is lived, as well as enough plot and intrigue to furnish interest in the clash of personalities. The reflections upon marriage often rise to the point of epigram, the *mise en scène* is alluring, and the characters, male and female, skilfully selected and smartly drawn.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Lane. 5*s*. net.

THERE is a lot of excellent criticism concealed, but not too deeply concealed, in Mr. Leacock's fun, but his is not the ridicule that kills; indeed, one finds in his jollying a sneaking affection for the characteristic imbecilities of the standard sort of plays, from the homely pathetics of the melodrama to Russian drama and the Vampire of the movies. All the first part of this new book is given over to footlight and spotlight subjects. Potted plays with commentary, all delightfully amusing—often irresistibly funny—his Ibsen, "the Sub Contractor," and his Greek play "Oroastur," done by the Fi Fi Omega fraternity of the University of Atalanta, are particularly good examples of good-natured rotting. Altogether a book of enjoyable fun with the true Leacock *bonhomie* and the zest of Canadian-Americanism of epithet and humour. Amongst the "Other Fancies" which round out this book of laughter, there are some capital broad ironies upon prohibition, golf, and summer camps, which are equally diverting.

FICTION.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND. By M. P. SHIEL. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE white queen of a savage tribe idea is not exactly new, but Mr. Shiel brings to the subject something quite unprecedented. His scientist hero, for example, with his aeroplane, machine gun, motor bike, and poison gas equipment, readily takes into his service the very man against whose machinations he aims all this apparatus—just as the Squire engaged Long John Silver. On the other hand he swiftly acquires a highly inflected language capable of expressing complex

sociological ideas, although in common use it is rather like pidgin English. Then the white queen is a strange mixture of Semiramis and flapper, her bronze Venus chum a soubrette, and her witch woman a middle-class matron in tenderness, if not in morals. Yet withal this story has a certain wild authority in its curious imaginings. Had Carlyle shared Coleridge's penchant for laudanum and Andrew Lang's fervour for Rider Haggard he might have written such a romance. It is this touch of Craigenputtock granite which elevates this fantastic romance into the category of the readable.

MISS BRACEGIRDLE AND OTHERS. By STACY AUMONIER. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. AUMONIER has the gift of companionableness which makes his thinnest stories engaging, not that his material is sparse or hackneyed. Quite the contrary. Most of his tales have an element of astonishment in them. But when he tells you about the serene and unadventurous delights of a pre-war village cricket match, just pointed by post-war wistfulness, you find yourself as well beguiled as by his more strange and inventive stories. His *Funny Man's Day* gives one an unashamed affection for the red-nosed comedian. *Where Was Wych Street?* is a little triumph of social comedy, and so is his *Octave of Jealousy*, with its little studies of the lines of caste from the tramp to the county magnate. In all these tales there is a touch of knowing tenderness which never degenerates into the sentimental, whilst the assured knowledge of a wide swath of life never takes on the air of a knowingness which repels. There is no aim at stylism in his fluently economical method, but these stories are good reading, full of the pieces of conviction, touching lightly upon underlying depths, and, like Othere in the poem, he shows us the walrus tooth. These thirteen tales, in short, from *Miss Bracegirdle* to *The Brown Wallet*, are something more than readable—they are companionable.

LONELY FURROW. By MAUD DIVER. John Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mrs. Diver's name as a writer is inevitably associated with stories of the Indian Frontier, and in her latest novel she does not desert the territory that she has made her own. The book opens among the Eastern Kashmir mountains, continues in Peshawur, and ends at Srinagar in Kashmir once more. One chapter, indeed, is laid in England and part of another in Bombay, but from first to last it is the Border of Northern India that informs and animates the whole.

There was a time when a novel set in these regions was inconceivable if it did not teem with martial adventure. That was before the war. In *Lonely Furrow* the soldier in arms gives place to the administrator, the downright fighting of declared foes to the insidious antagonism of political opponents of the Raj. The enemy is within, not without, the Border.

Knowing and feeling intensely as she does upon this subject, Mrs. Diver might easily have been tempted to use the book as a vehicle for her propaganda. If she felt the temptation she has resisted it. *Lonely Furrow* is not a novel with a purpose.

If it is necessary to classify, it may be said that the book approximates to what an earlier generation used to call a Problem Novel. How is a married man to act who finds himself surprised by the discovery that he has fallen in love with some one other than his wife? Colonel Ian Challoner, C.S.I., though his marriage was a loveless one, designed to tread the honourable path, but fate, his wife's blind and selfish folly, and the bludgeonings of circumstance intervened to overset his plans. In the end the problem is resolved in the only way that could by any possibility be judged satisfactory.

It is upon its character studies rather than upon any surprising or original turns of plot that the book bases its ultimate appeal. Challoner himself rings true, and his moments of weakness and loquacity save him from being the strong, silent man proverbially dear to the lady novelist. Edyth, his wife, too, is real, pitiful, though never lovable. "The other woman," Vanessa Vane, does not seem so satisfactory; the reader finds it difficult to reconcile her unenviable reputation with her almost saint-like nobility and unselfishness. Of the minor characters, Kaye Lenox hardly shows the "quick intelligence" with which he is credited, and does not seem a good enough husband for the very attractive Chris Chamier. Mrs. Chamier is little more than a type of the slander-loving busybody, but in Eve Challoner the writer has achieved a delightful picture of a child.

THE BLACK DOG. By A. E. COPPARD. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF you remember "The Ballet Girl"—and you do if you read it—you will know one facet of Mr. Coppard's varied mind. "The Ballet Girl," first seen in these pages, reappears as one of the eighteen stories which make up this admirable collection of tales, to which "The Black Dog" acts as signboard and frontispiece—another tale, another facet, full of cumulative charm and tenderness, as the other was full of exuberant youth and fun. It is probably very bad for Mr. Coppard's career that he is so full of variety—think of Tadema and his marble—but, for the reader, his protean manner makes this one-man show delightful. Whether it be the sane irrelevances of the countryman's talk or the pipe dream atmosphere of oriental fantasy, the shyness of self-conscious youth, the brazen spirit of the *foirain*, the dialect of Sussex or of Kerry, a tale of mirth or a study in the sober stuff of life, MR. COPPARD disappears behind his protagonists, obliterated almost by his versatility, or recognisable only by a consistent excellence of impersonation, and just a dash of pepper in the cream tarts—the pepper of distinction. A fine set of tales.

THE HOPEFUL JOURNEY. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MRS. SEYMOUR'S third book is a cool-headed study of feminism by a writer unbiassed enough to see the objective and subjective *cons* to the advance of woman into public life since the Victorian era.

Her method brings three generations through her pages: Judith, the thwarted, whose sex-life blotted out all else; Eve, her daughter, who came near to achieving her work-life and fitted her motherhood

and wifehood in; and Monica, who brings the wheel full circle by deliberately choosing to sacrifice herself on behalf of her emotions and for a husband who is none too admirable. Other women and their men move through these pages, skilfully evidencing the variations on the theme of sex-life *versus* work-life, and the writer has given her book value by the truth alike of their characterisation and of the historical background.

The weakness of the method is that it does not make for a strong story, and tends to catalogue those ordinarily extraordinary events—birth, marriage, and death—in the terms of their own terrible regularity; but the fact that they are presented from a woman's viewpoint in relation to an important phase of historical development is Mrs. Seymour's success.

IN MANY PLACES. By CLARE SHERIDAN. Jonathan Cape. *12s. 6d.*

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN'S book has all the charm and all the faults of feminine journalism. Consisting of her contributions to *The New York World*, when they gave her *carte blanche* to follow her instinct round the storm centres of Europe during last year, it is full of magnificent material, very freshly envisioned, very personally considered, and, if one may mix a metaphor, very ill-digested. The mind does not exist which could immediately grasp the significance of events in Ireland during the last days of the last revolution, in post-war Paris and Berlin, in newly created Dantzig, at Constantinople in its hour of triumph, and at Smyrna in its hour of agony, in the eternally troubled Balkans, in Italy in the first weeks of Fascismo, and in Mudania, Lausanne, and Geneva, where conferences made and unmade destiny. To these places Clare Sheridan brings a brilliant and individual vision, emotional rather than logical, personal rather than abstract. Her portraits are often excellent. An enthusiastic one of Kemal, an amusingly spiteful one of the Queen of Roumania, a trenchant one of Mussolini, stand out. Chief of all is the portrait of herself, abandoning her hopes and ideals in face of the Europe which the war and diplomacy have left, till her book rings out as a warning from an eye-witness who has seen civilisation crumbling. It needs to be read, and is eminently readable.

Correspondence

Politics and the Public Schools

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Raglan's article in the June number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW raises the important question of how to educate boys so that they may become intelligent citizens, fitted to judge current political

issues. Lord Raglan deplores the fact that at present the average public-school boy remains utterly unable rationally to discuss political affairs, and even to speak intelligibly in public.

I heartily agree with his opinion that boys should be taught to "express themselves briefly, intelligibly, and audibly on some simple subject in public." But the real problem is how to teach them to think clearly, and to base their opinions on some real knowledge of the subject. The average public-school boy is not taught to think for himself, but only trained to go through certain tricks and arrive at desired conclusions. The vital need is that the habit of clear and independent thought should be so ingrained that it becomes a second nature.

Lord Raglan's proposals for teaching "the science of government" in schools seem to me somewhat naïve. Adolescent boys can certainly appreciate the ethical and emotional aspects of politics. They can be induced to sympathise warmly with the noble aristocracy or the patient downtrodden people; and they can grow warm against the tyrant lord or the brutish mob—according to their temperament and that of their teachers. But this is not the kind of politics that Lord Raglan would teach them, though it is the only kind they could learn. He makes the error of assuming that there is an organised body of objective knowledge constituting the "science of government," and that the elements of this science may be taught to boys.

Now there is no such science. All political problems are enormously complex, and require an expert knowledge of some of the natural and social sciences before they can be discussed. Boys have not the wealth of knowledge, the experience of men and affairs, nor the maturity of intellect to grapple with a single political issue. Our political troubles, as Trotter has pointed out, are mainly due to our inveterate habit of forming dogmatic opinions, not based on any acquaintance of the evidence, about subjects of which we really know nothing. The problem of how to cheapen food without ruining agriculture is typical of real politics. It is vitally important that we should solve it, and it requires varied and detailed knowledge of agriculture, economics, geography, psychology, commerce, and probably chemistry, for its solution.

The art of government is the art of solving such problems by expert knowledge. Before a citizen can usefully form political judgments he must possess a wide general knowledge, some detailed knowledge of at least one science or business, and, above all, the capacity to think clearly and critically.

If we can train a generation of citizens who are intelligent and on some subjects well informed, we shall have no need to fear the future. Unless the public schools teach boys to be clear thinkers, their charming manners and athletic prowess will not save them against the attacks of those who have been taught to think in the elementary and secondary schools.

Yours truly,

G. C. BARNARD, M.Sc.

Abbotsholme, Rocester, Staffordshire.